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Maori tales & legends

Kate McCosh Clark

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MAORI TALES AND LEGENDS

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PARÉ AND HER MAIDENS.

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MAORI
Tales & Legends

COLLECTED AND RETOLD BY

KATE McCOSH CLARK

AUTHOR OF "A SOUTHERN CROSS FAIRY TALE"
"PERSEPHONE AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ROBERT ATKINSON

"*O hand of mine,*
'Twas not of me, but from the ancients
Came the myth. . I but repeat it now
And tell it to the world."

ANCIENT MAORI CHANT

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 270-271, STRAND
1896

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To

MY HUSBAND

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Preface

THE following tales are an outcome of a long residence in New Zealand, and of many opportunities whilst travelling amongst the Maoris of becoming acquainted with their folk-lore, superstitions, and customs.

From a vast mass of legendary tales, rich in variants, and recorded often in a fragmentary manner, I have chosen those in this little volume as the oldest and best known amongst the natives. I have endeavoured to adhere to the true spirit of the tales themselves, and to give them the form, expression, and speech characteristic of the country and clever native race. The Maoris, as a rule, are eloquent, and their language is full of metaphor and poetical allusion, and musical with open vowels. Every syllable ends with a vowel, every vowel is sounded, and that according to the Italian method.

Though the Maori practice of cannibalism in times past is revolting to a higher civilisation, it may, to a certain extent, have been due to the entire absence of any quadrupeds larger than a rat, and to the craving for flesh food so well described in Stanley's accounts of some of the races in Central Africa.

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The Maoris are a strong race both physically and mentally. Revengeful and cruel to their enemies, they were passionate in love and ever fearless in war. Religious, they venerated their gods, and believed in an *atua*, or spiritual essence, their deities being rarely represented by any image. Their priests were consulted on all great occasions and their mandates obeyed, especially when they spoke as the oracle making known to the people the will of the gods.

Whence came the race, with their strange superstitions; their worship of Tané, the creation-god, of the sun-god Ra, &c., I must leave for others to discuss. But it is an accepted fact that the natives of New Zealand, and of some of the groups of Pacific Islands, in many respects show evidence of a common origin; for instance, their general appearance, long straight hair, ignorance of bows and arrows, of the art of pottery, and their knowledge of the same legends and folk-lore, though told in various forms. When Captain Cook first visited New Zealand he had a native of Hawaii who acted as interpreter. In ancient New Zealand tradition, the Maoris are said to have come from Hawaii in four large war-canoes, about the twelfth or thirteenth century.

For these reasons I have not hesitated to include in this book four South Sea tales, which, though not told by New Zealand natives, will, I hope, be acceptable for their beauty and peculiarities. They are specified in the Notes.

The illustrations are by the late Mr. R. Atkinson, and are of special value, as they were drawn by that able artist

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from sketches of natives and native surroundings made by him when staying amongst the Maoris both in the remote King country and in the hot-lake district Rotorua. His picture of the little grandchild of Te-heu-heu, the well known war-chief of Lake Taupo, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1891. I regret that the size of the book does not make it possible to do full justice to the beauty of the original drawings.

This volume is dedicated to my husband, whose intimate knowledge of New Zealand has been of great service to me.

Among my informants was the Maori King, Tawhiao, whom I had several opportunities of meeting, and from whom I heard much that was valuable regarding the Maoris. After the Maori war he had retired with his people into the King country, in the middle of the island of New Zealand, and had had no intercourse with Europeans for twenty-five years, so that their ancient traditions and customs were well preserved.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to the Right Hon. Sir Geo. Grey, K.C.B., for his kind personal interest in my work, and especially in the tale of the Fishing Net. I am also indebted for much valuable information to the authors whose books are referred to in my Notes.

I hope the tales may give pleasure equally to the young people speaking the mother tongue alike under the Great Bear and the Southern Cross, and awaken and increase their interest in the beautiful islands of New Zealand and

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in the native race, who still, in spite of the presence of the white man, keep up their numbers, and retain much of their powerful individuality.

K. McCOSH CLARK

London, October 1896.

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Paré and Hutu

IN ancient days there was a chieftainess called Paré the Soft-limbed. Beautiful was she, and of rank so high that none dared approach her with words of love. She lived apart with her maidens in a large hut, built and decorated with the cunning and skill of the chiefs of old, who had learnt their craft from the gods themselves.

The massive beams and posts were well fashioned and quaintly carved, and the high-ridged roof thickly thatched with reeds. The interior of the dwelling was sweet with scents made from rare shrubs and mosses. Large sleeping mats with variegated borders lay on the clay floor; smaller ones of feathers and of dogskin, for Paré's own wear, hung on the sides of the wharé (hut), and between these could be seen the pretty lining of reeds interlaced with dried strips of flax-leaves.

Tall and lithe was Paré, and when she placed in her hair the prized tail-feather of the huia and wrapped one of her beautifully wrought mats around her, a stately grace was added to Paré the Soft-limbed. Her long hair was dark and glossy as the wing of the Tui, and a thick fringe fell softly on her broad forehead. The downy feathers of the

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albatross in her ear gleamed creamy white as the curling foam against her clear brown skin. Passionate, impulsive, her large dark eyes flashed with delight, or swam in tears, at the recital of the daring war-deeds of her braves; and the elaborate tattooing could not hide the tender smile and rounded outline of lip and chin.

Within the palisade surrounding Paré's dwelling was a large store-house, carefully placed north and south, so that the dead, on their way westward to the spirit-land, should not pass over it, and so injure the food. Paré, the great chieftainess, could prepare no food for herself—she was "tapu," or sacred. One of her women cooked her food, then gave it to another, this one to yet a third, who gave it to Paré's own hand.

The hearts of Paré's people were filled with love for her. They were proud of her beauty, for it was famous throughout the country, so that many a chief desired Paré the Soft-limbed for his wife; but her tribe thought none of rank sufficiently high, and she smiled with favour upon no one.

"Be patient, and brave, and strong, O my people, that ye may live," were the words with which in times of war she would exhort her braves. In times of peace, when the young warriors were taking part in manly exercises, Paré would come out of the hut and watch them. She often leant against the strong posts, rich in the elaborate carving of her ancestors, and her face sparkled with pleasure when any youth excelled in feats of skill or strength, and much prized were her words of praise. One summer, in the moon for wrestling and throwing the niti-stick, a young, handsome chief came from afar to take part in the sports of

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the village. Grand of stature and of stately mien, his limbs were strong and sinewy, and his eyes full of that light of the spirit which knows not listlessness. When he put down the mighty chieftain-staff to join in the games, Paré the Soft-limbed came outside her dwelling to watch, and it happened that the strange warrior excelled all comers and all the people of her tribe in games, and none could beat him in wrestling or pass him in the race. He watched eagerly for the smile and the approving glance of the beautiful Paré. But though his heart throbbed with a great love at her presence, he dared speak no word of love to her. She was as the great star of the summer evening, whose glory could but shine on him from afar.

One day Paré said to her warriors :

"Tell me, what is the name of the strange chief yonder?" And they answered : "Men call him Hutu the Silent One, and he is a famous spearman, and is mighty in times of war and peace." And Paré the Soft-limbed pondered over their words, and as the days passed Hutu the Silent One found favour in her eyes.

One evening, when playing the game of niti, Hutu's flax-stalk, which skimmed over the ground more rapidly than any other, stopped close to the feet of Paré. For a moment she gazed at it, then, stooping, picked it up, and swift as a flash of light passed into her dwelling and shut the door.

When Hutu saw Paré thus disappear he wondered greatly thereat, but he strode forward and knocked at her door, saying :

"O Paré, wilt thou not give back to me my flax-stalk?"

But Paré refused to do so, and opened not the door. Then

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Hutu once again knocked and asked for the flax-stalk, and Paré came to the door and said :

"Come into my dwelling that I may talk with thee."

But Hutu replied : "O Paré the Soft-limbed, I am alone in the midst of thy people. Do not ask me to come under thy roof, lest they take swift vengeance on me. High art thou in rank above me. I dare not lift to thee mine eyes, O great chieftainess."

Still Paré spake softly only these words : "Come into my dwelling that I may talk with thee," and her heart throbbed, and her dark eyes flashed with pride as she added : "And I love thee, O Hutu."

Then Hutu's heart beat high with pride, but again he answered her : "I must not anger thy people by entering thy dwelling, O Paré the Soft-limbed. I am a stranger, and thy people are great in the land. I came but to look on thy beauty, of which all men spake. Now I have seen thee, and I must depart."

Then Paré replied : "Art thou not a famous spearman, a chief mighty in strength ? Strong of arm and fleet of foot art thou. I know thou canst not speak words of love to me—but thou art my beloved. Come into my dwelling."

Still Hutu would not listen to her words, though his soul went out to her in an exceeding great longing. His grief was so great that he turned away his face, and, without a word of farewell, left her. And when the darkness of night fell on the land Hutu the Silent One departed for his far-off home, his soul heavy with sorrow.

When Paré found that Hutu had indeed gone without a farewell look or word she was stricken to the heart. So

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exceeding sorrowful was she that she moved no more amongst her people as of old. No longer loved she the sunshine, or to wander through the sweet-scented fern and the cool forest depths. No longer decked she her hair with plumes, or lifted her voice in song. Her people watched in vain for her canoe, which she had often been wont to paddle with strong arm on the shining lake.

Paré shut herself up in her hut, and brooded by the hearth-fire in silence, and when, sighing deeply, she raised her eyes, the grim heads on the carven posts seemed to grin and mock at her loneliness and grief.

Thus passed many days, and when Paré found that Hutu returned not, nor sent any swift-footed messenger back with words of kindness or farewell, she refused to take either food or drink, and her maidens were greatly troubled; for she spake not to them.

One evening, when the sun had set behind the hill-tops, and darkness with swift strides came o'er the land, Paré at last said these words to her maidens:

"Put all my dwelling in order. Say no word to others, but leave me in peace, and take your rest apart."

And they dared not question her, but got her house in order, and left her alone, even as she bade them do. But their hearts were heavy, for they had seen her love for Hutu and her grief at his sudden departure. Then Paré the Soft-limbed shut close the door, and, full of despair, took a rope and hanged herself from a beam in her dwelling. And her soul departed to the land of spirits.

When the morning came, and the people found that Paré was dead, loud and long rose their wails on the still air. Then her maidens told them of her great love for the

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strange chief, and they cried in anger, "Hutu must die! Hutu must die! He has caused the death of Paré."

Then chose they young men fleet of foot, and sent them to fetch Hutu back.

And the weeping women tenderly wrapped the body of Paré in her feather mat, and laid her in her dwelling, so that all might see her. Great was the gathering to fulfil the last rites due to the young chieftainess.

"Farewell, O Paré the Soft-limbed. Thou art gone, and hast taken thy beauty and thy sweet voice from our midst. Thy life was short as the life of the wind-swept flower. But thy words were ever full of kindness and of wisdom. O Paré the Soft-limbed, farewell, farewell!"

So sang the greatest warrior of the tribe, as he bounded to and fro before her dwelling, spear in hand. And the weird wailing of the people rose and fell as they rubbed noses together and wept. And the maidens decked Paré's hair with the blossoms of the scarlet kowhai and the white-barred tail-feathers of the ebon huia, and, sitting beside her body, filled the air with lamentations for their mistress.

Silent art thou, O beautiful Paré,
Gone for ever on the swift rushing river!
Would thou couldst come back to us!
Would thou couldst come back from the silent-land.

And the people placed food before the maidens who watched by Paré's body, but touched them not, for they were tapu, or sacred. And some food was placed beside the dead for the journey to the far spirit-land.

And when the young moon rose high, the maidens remembered how often at such hours she had talked gaily

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with them, or bathed in the soft waters of the sparkling lake. And they rubbed noses together in sympathetic sorrow, and the great tears rolled down as they wailed:

It is well with thee, O moon!
Thou returnest from death.
It is well with thee!
But the dead of this world return
No more! No more!

And, with cries and many ceremonies, they bore her body away into the deep woods, and there laid it on the high wooden platform to await the last rites.

Meanwhile, the messengers had overtaken Hutu not far from his own home. They told him that Paré was dead, and he must return to her village.

And when they so said he asked no question but turned back with them. And his face was set and stern with his sudden sorrow. But the warriors said—"Will you go and look on Paré, the Soft-limbed?"

And Hutu answered, "No. Why should I look on her body? Her soul hath departed therefrom." When he reached Paré's home the people were moved not at the sight of his grief, but only said again and yet again "Hutu must die!"

"You say well, O ye people who loved her! But I too loved the beautiful Paré, though in silence. She was as the great summer star Rehua (Mars) above me. Now has she gone to the spirit-land. Yet may the power of the great love I bear her bring her back. Hear ye my words. Let me depart. In three days I will return. If Paré be not with me, do then unto me even as you will."

So spake Hutu, and the people were content with his

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words, and they let him pass through their midst to the west, where lies the spirit-land.

When Hutu reached the depths of the forest behind Paré's village, he prayed unto the gods and repeated many times the chants which the priests use when they meditate on death or on the shades.

Then he followed the path that the spirits of the departed follow. He could tell the way by the knots which the spirits tie in the long grass as they go on their way to the rocks, where they wait till many assemble. Hutu hoped to overtake Paré there, but being a great chieftainess she had gone swiftly on alone. So Hutu went to the abode of Hiné, the Goddess of Death, and said to her, "Oh, goddess, I come to seek one who is dear to me, who has gone to the spirit-land. I pray thee tell me the road that leads thereto."

So saying, Hutu gave Hiné as an offering a greenstone club, of great value.

And the goddess was pleased with Hutu, and she showed him the way through an opening in the rocks, and gave him some pounded fern-root saying, "Take this with you, O mortal, for you must not touch of the food offered to you in the world below, else will you return no more. Bow your head low even unto your feet, and enter this cavern without fear. When you swiftly descend, a great wind shall blow upon you, and you will find yourself in the spirit-world."

So spake Hiné, and Hutu being eager on his way, did as the goddess bade him. And in his soul was planted courage and might, so that he feared not when he reached the shadowy land of the dead. Wandering through a

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thick wood, where no bird sang or insect stirred, Hutu at last came to an open space, where he saw many people. Beneath the trees were dwellings like unto the dwellings of men upon earth. He saw that the young men and maidens were playing games together, and some of their elders were eating and drinking, and they offered him some food. But remembering the warning of the goddess Hiné, he partook not thereof, but went on in his search for Paré. Far he wandered, but saw her not, and returning to the place where the people were assembled, he asked if they had seen Paré the Beautiful.

"Yes, but she broods ever in silence and is full of sorrow. She joins not in our talk nor in the amusements, but stays within her dwelling with closed door," replied they.

Then Hutu bethought him of the games on earth in which Paré used to take such delight. He asked some youths to join him in the games of niti and whipping-top, whereat they were delighted, and laughed as their niti-sticks skimmed the ground, and their tops sung merrily. But Hutu excelled all other players, even as he had done in the world above, and the onlookers shouted their applause. But Paré knew not that it was Hutu whom they applauded, and she came not to her door. And on Hutu's heart was a cloud of grief. Then bethought he of another plan whereby perchance he might see Paré. He said to the people:

"I will show you a new game. Bring to me a tree, even a strong, high tree, but one that will bend easily." When this was done he cut off the branches and said: "Plant now this tree firmly in the midst of an open space, and bring me

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some strong plaited ropes." So spake Hutu, and when they had done as he asked them, he fastened the ropes to the top of the tree, and told them to pull with might until the tree bent to the ground. Then Hutu sat down on the top, and asked a man to come and sit on his back and hold fast. Thereupon Hutu called out in a loud voice, "Let go the ropes!" and the tree-top being loosed, sprang up with Hutu and the man. This was done many times, and the people shouted and were greatly pleased; and the shouts of delight and the tones of his voice reached the ear of Paré in her dwelling and she came out; and when she knew it was Hutu amongst the men, she forgot all save her joy at seeing him again, and watched the game with a smiling face. And when Hutu saw Paré once again in the shadowy world, the beats of his heart were like the beat of a strong bird's wings. A sweet longing filled him to hold her fast in his arms and take her back to the world of sunshine and life. But he did not greet her, but held his soul in silence for fear the people should guess his wish and frustrate it. After many had tried the swing, Paré moved quietly through the throng and going up to Hutu said, "Take me on the swing."

And Hutu was exceeding glad, and he replied, "Come."

When they were seated on the tree, Hutu said, "Hold fast to my back, for the tree swings fast and high."

Then he shouted loudly, "Let go the ropes," and the people let go suddenly. Up sprang the tree-top into the air with so great a jerk that the ropes were pulled out of the hands of the people, and the ends flew so high that they became entangled in the vines and creepers round the entrance of the passage which led to the world above.

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"Hold fast, Paré," said Hutu in low tones.

And Paré put her arms right round him, so that they could not be loosed. And the touch of her hands made the young chief's pulses throb, and nerved him to deeds of strength and daring. He seized the ropes, and springing up with her, climbed the ropes, and, catching hold of the strong vines and branches, pulled himself and Paré up into the world of light and love.

Glad indeed was Paré to see once more the flowers of the fair earth, and with her hand in Hutu's, she went back to her home. And as the sight of land is welcome to swimmers long buffeted by dark waves, so was the sight of her home to Paré. And great was the delight of the people at her return; and when they saw her standing before them proudly, with her hand in that of Hutu, they shouted:

"Paré is yours! Paré is yours! For your great love has brought her back from the spirit-world."

Then Paré took from her sweet-scented carven-box the beautiful feathers of the Huia, and with a proud glance placed them in Hutu's hair.

Then Hutu said, "Glad of heart am I, O ye people, for has not your chieftainess graciously smiled on me? And I love her with a love beyond all words, even I, Hutu the Silent One. But one who is a stranger to you, my wife of earlier days, awaits me in my far-off home. Shall I then bring her amongst you, or shall Paré the Soft-limbed return with me?" But the people shouted, "Bring hither the stranger! Welcome to the stranger! Stay with our chieftainess and her tribe, O Hutu, for you have found favour in her sight and ours. Welcome, Hutu the Silent

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One!" At their words Paré's eyes shone with happiness, and she kept her hand in that of Hutu, her husband, her chief!

And Hutu was ever afterwards called Paré-Hutu, or the Silent One with the plume (pare).

And Hutu led her into her dwelling, and great was the feasting and the rejoicings for many days.

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Rangi and Papatua,

or The Heavens and the Earth

A LONG, long time ago, the god Rangi, the Heavens, and the goddess Papatua, the Earth, loved each other with a great love, and were so near together and so inseparable that the Heavens were ever near to the Earth, and only a dull twilight reigned between them. No stately forest trees could grow or bright flowers blossom, but low-growing vines and tender creeping plants spread over the earth. Some low shrubs tried to flourish, and stretched out their branches like myriad uplifted hands, but their leaves were flattened, the sky pressed so heavily on them. The water was not clear, but was of a thick red colour, for there was no light to purify it. No men lived on the earth then, only the children of the gods Rangi and Papatua. As these children grew up they began to grumble at the want of space, and they longed for more light; for

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once they had had a glimpse of the full light when their father, Rangi, lifted up his arms. So they wished much that he would go up higher and give them more room, and they tried to persuade him to do so. But Rangi refused, and said he would not leave his dear wife Papatua the Earth. Then the children became very angry, and, finding that their prayers were of no avail, they said to each other: "What shall we do?" Tu, the father of war, who was cruel and did not love his parents, said: "We will kill them." The others would not agree to this; but all except Tawhiri, the father of the winds, said: "They must be separated by force." Tawhiri did not wish them to be separated, for he was jealous even of his own mother, fearing lest she should become too beautiful when the full brightness of day should fall on her. But in spite of his opposition, Tané, the god of light and the father of the forests, who was anxious that trees should be able to rear their heads on high, and that birds and insects should increase, said: "Each of us shall in turn try to push our father high up above us, so that the light of day may fall on us all;" and Tawhiri dared not object longer, for Tané was much mightier than he was. So the children tried in turn to separate Rangi and Papatua, but they held so fast to each other that it was with great difficulty they were pushed even a little apart. Once Rangi was pushed up a short distance, but he was very heavy, and they thoughtlessly left him on the sharp pinnacles of the mountains. Now, this was not a comfortable resting-place for Rangi, and he reproached his children bitterly for their cruelty. At last Tané said to the others: "I will kick my father up higher, for I am the strongest; but we will keep Papatua the

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Earth close beside us—for is she not the mother who nursed us ? and we need her love ever with us."

Then Papatua the Earth cried aloud : "I shall go with thee, O my husband," and she implored Tané to kick her up also. To this Tané would not consent, and he lay down on his back upon his mother, so that she could not move. And with his knees bent and feet pressed hard against his father, he then kicked out with violent strength, and sent Rangi the Heavens up so great a distance that he has stayed high up ever since.

But the cries and groans of Rangi and Papatua when they were thus violently separated were sad to hear. Tawhiri, the father of the winds, followed his father up to the sky and there abode.

When the full light fell upon Papatua the Earth, her numerous offspring crept from their places, and the creeping plants and shrubs began to grow. Sometimes Tawhiri and his progeny would come down and attack his brother Tané and his children to destroy them. And Tané turned some of his offspring into fish and birds, and the earth hid them in her bosom. Yet Tawhiri and his children found and ate them ; and, in later days, when men fed upon each other, they said, "Did not the gods teach us so to do ?"

And the mighty Tané, the god of light, continued to beautify and enrich his mother, the earth, with flowers and blossoming shrubs, and song-birds and butterflies, and wealth of all things fair. Not satisfied with this, he made and planted mighty trees. Now the first trees Tané made were something like men, and Tané planted them upside down ; he put their heads in the earth and their roots in

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the air. Now the trees looked very strange like this and could not grow, so Tané found this was wrong. He then turned them the other way up, and they grew tall and strong and full of leaf. Thus Tané planted the forests to cover his mother, the earth, as with a garment, so that though she was sad and wept bitterly for her husband, she was becoming more and more beautiful. And though some of her offspring who lived in the sky—the rough winds, the hurricanes, the hail—injured the forests and the fields, some of her gentler children were kind and had pity on her, and breathed softly on her, and made her more and more fair.

Now Tané, having done all he could for his mother, looked up to his father Rangi, whom he had kicked so far off, and he felt very sorry for him, for he was not well clad, and Tané said:

"Poor fellow! I almost wish I had not kicked him so high; he seems lonely up there." And he listened to Rangi's long-drawn sighs, and saw him stretch down his arms lovingly towards his wife Papatua, and he thought that on the horizon they really did touch each other. Now, Papatua grieved because Rangi was not better dressed, so Tané said to his mother, "I will make my father more beautiful and clothe him better." So Tané fetched the Rahuikura, or the sacred red garment, and fastened it round Rangi, so that by day he shone in great splendour. Then Tané went afar where a goblin dwelt who made the stars, and said, "You have some shining things called stars; give me some so that I can deck my father Rangi with them."

The goblin said, "You can have some if you will go and

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get them; but the way is long and difficult." "I wish to go," replied Tané, "for their beauty is so great that it makes my heart throb with delight."

"The places where you will find them," said the goblin, "are beyond the farthest mountain peaks, which are called 'Cracks of the Night' and 'Chinks of the Day.' To get there you must follow the road which you took when you went to sew up the wounds of your father which he got whilst resting on the jagged mountain tops."

"I will go," said Tané, for he was strong and mighty and feared nothing. When he reached the far-off star-lands he was dazzled by the great shining lights; but he gathered up the most beautiful and took them back with him. But the stars did not look well on Rangi's bright robe of day, so Tané gave him a dark mantle for the night, and fastened its folds with myriads of stars both big and little. Then indeed the brilliancy of the stars was wonderful to behold, and Tané was very pleased. And he placed the sun and the moon as eyes for his father, wherewith to gaze upon his beloved wife by day and night. And his mother was delighted with what Tané had done, and she sang sweet songs of her son Tané and the stars. Still she was not quite happy about her husband; and one day she said to Tané, "I fear your father will tumble down and

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hurt himself; he is not used to being up so high, and my arms no longer enfold him."

"I will prop him up, mother," said Tané, and he fetched the mighty clouds and he placed them around and under Rangi, so that he could not fall.

Still his mother was not happy, for she said, "He is so far off overhead, Tané; can he not be nearer?"

And Tané answered, "I cannot help the heavens being hollow overhead, mother, for it was against that part of him I kicked so hard;" and he felt sorry for his mother's sadness of heart.

But shouts of applause were given by all the beings of the upper world when they saw all that Tané had accomplished, and they sang:

Apart now are Rangi and Papatua.
Sing the resounding song.
Sing the resounding song.
Now is light great and strong.
Apart are they ever.

And the sorrow-laden voice of Rangi and Papatua chanted:

Apart are we ever,
Apart are we ever!
But love will we ever!

But an old witch of the lower world wished much to make mischief between Rangi and Papatua, and she sang in a shrill voice:

With dire enchantments oh sever them gods!
And fill with dislike to each other their days;
Engulph them in floods, in ocean and sea.
Let love and regret in each other be hate,
Nor affection nor love of the past grow again.

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But her wicked spells had no power against the strong love of Rangi and Papatua. Then said Rangi sorrowfully to his wife:

"You must stay far away beneath me, O Papatua; but this shall be the sign of my constant love for you: Full oft my tears shall fall on you, and they shall make you yet more beautiful."

And so it is; for are not the rain-drops the tears of heaven which beautify the earth?

Again Rangi spoke, saying:

"Old wife, you must stay where you are; but in the winter, with my cold breath, I shall sigh for you, yet shall my sighs make you still more beautiful."

And so it is; for are not the hoar-frost and the snow the wintry sighs of the heavens?

Again Rangi spoke, saying:

"And in the summer, when the fierce heat burns, I shall lament over you, old wife, and my lamentations shall make you fertile and yet more beautiful."

And so it is; for these are the dew-drops with which the heavens bless the earth.

And the light of the sun and moon, which are Rangi's eyes, are they not his constant love watching over his dear wife Papatua by day and night?

Then spoke Papatua to her husband Rangi:

"O husband, thy tears, thy sighs, thy lamentations, they indeed shall bless me, and, through the power of thy love, they shall come back to thee, even in soft clouds, which shall be the ever faithful messengers of my great love for thee."

And so it is. For ever the rains, the frost, the snow,

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and the dew, fall as blessings on the earth, and the soft clouds rise to the heavens overhead.

Thus, though separated by their children, Rangi the Heavens, and Papatua the Earth, are ever united in their love and in their works.

So for ever!

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Huia, or the Tale of the Fishing Net

"LISTEN, O my braves! Listen unto the words of your chief! In the hours of the night, when the great god Kuo wraps the world in his dark mantle, a vision came to me. And in this vision I saw my tribe greater and more prosperous than any other. And a voice said, "Go, O chief, to the far north of the land of Te-ika-a-Maui (New Zealand); there shalt thou find a blessing and a boon for thy people. Go not with followers, but alone."

For a brief minute after Huia, the great war-chief, ceased speaking, there was silence amongst his assembled people. Then a great clamour of tongues arose.

"Not alone! Not alone, O our chief!" And one old warrior cried aloud, "I will go with thee." "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" cried others. But Huia upheld his meré (club) of greenstone, green and clear as the summer sea, and said in loud, decisive tones: "No, my people. None of you must follow. Alone I must go. I have spoken."

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Then Huia passed proudly from the midst of the people, and went into his carven wharé (dwelling).

When Huia had gone, a withered old hag, the sooth-sayer of the tribe, muttered, "Ay, alone must it be." But the tumult of the people was great, and they heard her not. The elder warriors consulted, and agreed that Huia must be watched, so that he did not depart unknown to them. They loved their chief, and feared lest ill should befall him. So closely did they watch the movements of Huia, that he found it impossible to start alone by day or night. And the weeks went past, and Huia spoke no more of the vision, and of seeking the promised blessing. His tribe thought that he had forgotten about it, but it was not so; his purpose only slumbered in silence until the right time.

There was a rich and quaintly carven meeting-house on the edge of the lake, on the posts of which painted heads, with large protruding tongues and shell-eyes, grinned hideously. Here the people often met in the evening for amusements, or to talk over their war exploits and tell their ancient tales. One night, when they had assembled, they danced the great Haka, or war-dance, to a loud chorus, and the long lines of warriors (tongues protruding, eyes rolling) swayed to and fro as they brandished their spears aloft, and jumped and stamped with uniform and furious gesticulations. And Huia, the chief, danced with more strength and agility than any. When the night was far spent, he went out from amongst the dancers, wrapped himself up in his feather mat, and lay down near the door, and fell asleep. And the Haka still went on. After a while, Huia jumped suddenly up, and cried, "The same vision! I must go to seek the blessing! And alone!"

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Such was the excitement and noise of the dancers, that they did not heed his words. And Huia stepped out of the door unnoticed, and disappeared into the darkness.

Great was the consternation when Huia was missed. No one knew when or where he had gone. When the day broke they tried to trace his footsteps, but could not. He must have gone over the dry fern-land towards the forest. Then the warriors ordered the two slaves who always guarded and waited on Huia, to find the way he had gone, and they were told when they had so done they were to follow him and protect him from danger, but not to let him see them.

The slaves set out eagerly on their quest, for they loved and admired their master, the great war-chief Huia.

After much searching they found his footsteps on some boggy ground deep in the forest, and they tracked him onwards by the trodden ferns, and broken twigs. Having at last come in sight of Huia they followed him at a distance, keeping out of his sight.

Spear in hand, Huia pursued his lonely way through the long hours of day, and at night he often still went on led by the light of Takiara, the guiding star. After travelling thus for nearly a whole moon, Huia began to feel dispirited, the far north of Te-ika-a-Maui, and the promised boon seemed still out of his reach. He had no man to whom to speak his thoughts, and the way was dreary, and he had often not enough food to keep up his strength. He had left behind the forest with its birds and berries, and tender palm-shoots, and even the curled fern-fronds began to be scarce. Nothing but sandy wastes, and hillocks covered with long sapless grass, stretched before him. But

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at last a night came, bright and starlit, when he knew he must have reached the extreme north of the land, for he could hear the waves breaking on the shore. He strode over the sand hills with renewed spirits, and there at last before him lay the great sea in all its changeful beauty. A fine curving bay stretched from point to point of two low promontories, and long curling lines of foam raced along the sands. He had reached his destination, and he held his head high in pride as he gazed around.

But where was the promised blessing? Alas! All was silent, solitary. Not even the screech of wild fowl or the gleam of a white wing in the starlight.

"I must wait," said Huia, with quiet determination. Utterly worn out, he threw himself down in the middle of a large flax-bush, and the circles of high upstanding leaves completely enveloped him, so that he could see nothing but the stars above his head. Here Huia fell into a deep sleep.

Some hours later Huia was wakened by the sound of music, softer and sweeter than any he had ever heard. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes, he saw the clustering stars above, and the moon had risen and was high in the sky. The music still went on, and it seemed clearer, nearer than before.

Is it a vision of the night, or am I indeed awake? mused Huia, and he pinched himself to find out. Still the music continued. Then Huia rose and peeped out from his shelter of leaves. On the water close to where he lay, and right in the pathway of the moon, he saw numberless tiny canoes filled with very small fair people. They were singing as they paddled nearer to the shore, and when they had pulled up their canoes, they began to run about and

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dance on the sands looking with their slight fair figures and long yellow hair, like shafts of light playing on the shore. They must be fairies! Huia had often heard of them, and his heart was full of delight at seeing them, for it meant good luck. But he must keep hidden, for they would be frightened away at the sight of a mortal.

Then Huia noticed that two groups of the little folk were drawing something through the water, which gradually unfolded as they neared the shore. It was a net, but Huia had never seen one before. The art of netting was unknown to the people of the land. Now watching, he knew that these must indeed be the fairies, for as they pulled their burden to the shore, he saw myriads of great and small fishes enclosed, jumping, leaping in the shallow water, their bright scales glittering in the moonlight. Huia was struck with wonder at the novel sight, and he parted the flax-leaves cautiously as he gazed from his hiding-place. He wondered more and more what the strange thing could be which was dragged through the water, and was catching such numbers of fish without hook or line. Why, the fish would feed all his people for days! As the net was dragged up higher and the fish leaped about more frantically, soft peals of laughter arose from the little folk, as they caught at the slippery, gleaming captives and threw them at each other or into their canoes. All at once a pretty young fairy, with a basket on her arm, chased by a lad, ran out from the rest. Her laugh rang on the air like silver bells as she ran up the sands. She sped swiftly over the sand-hills, and then turning, gained the shadow of the flax-bushes, and threw herself unseen close beside the very one in which Huia was hidden. What a pretty,

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fair, bright thing, thought Huia, as he gazed at her golden hair and gleaming eyes, and fair limbs wet with the spray. Surely she was born of the sea-foam and the yellow shore! He dared not move, he dared scarcely breathe, for fear she should see him and be frightened away. He could see her merry face through the leaves, as she lay there watching the scene on the sands. How entrancing was the sight! The whole bay seemed filled with laughter and delight. It was the brightest moonshine everywhere! Sparkling sands, sparkling water, diamond lights dancing on the fairies as they flitted here and there, gathering up the restless, glittering fishes. What varied rainbow colours glinting on the myriad scales! Brilliant incessant motion enchanting the eye, silvery cadences of delight and song enchanting the ear. Beyond was the sea, with its innumerable laughter; above, the white-orbed moon and the myriad trembling stars; and around all, the immensity of the quiet night. Truly the night and all about him was enchanted to Huia. But above all other charms was the charm of that bright presence so near to him. His eyes kept wandering from the scene on the shore to the maiden lying close under his flax-bush. As he gazed on her, the words of the voice in his vision came into his mind: "Thou shalt bring back a blessing and a boon for thy people." What was the meaning of the words? Would he soon know?

Now that night the two slaves had kept some little distance behind their chief, for the way was open and they did not follow quite on his track. Coming suddenly round the far point, they were astonished at the sight on the shore, and walked towards the place where the net with all

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its freight had been drawn up. At the sight of the slaves coming towards them, the fairies were filled with terror, and ran with shrill screams up the beach. Some of them seized the net, and in their alarm and haste ran right round the flax bush where Huia and the little fairy maiden were hiding, but saw neither. The slaves followed, and the little folk getting more and more excited, and finding themselves pursued by mortals, dropped the net, and with wild gesticulations and cries, ran round, in and out of the shadowy masses of the flax-bushes, back to their canoes. At the first sound of alarm, and at the sight of the two slaves, the fairy maiden had risen in order to run away, but, suddenly seeing Huia so close to her, she sank back to the ground trembling. Again springing up, she made frantic efforts to escape, but she was encircled in the net and entangled in its meshes, and the more she struggled to get out, the more was she held. "Help! Help!" she cried; but her people were already half way down the beach and heard her not. "The net! The net!" she cried frantically; "I am caught in the net!"

"The net!" echoed Huia, "that then was the name of the strange thing which had taken all the fish without hook or line. Perhaps I have found the boon for my people at last," he thought. And Huia stepped out and lifted the struggling little maiden in his arms into the flax bush where he had lain.

"Stay with me, maiden, stay; thou art the blessing I need." At the sound of his gentle voice, the fairy maid looked up into the face of the stalwart, dark-browed young chief, and love for him seized her heart, and she lay quiet in his arms.

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And the fairy-folk paddled swiftly out of sight, beyond the pathway of the moon, and disappeared in the far distance. And Huia heard no more their music, but only the music of a sweet voice within his flax-bush shelter. And the slaves went away silently across the sand-hills.

So Huia, the great war-chief, took back to his village a young and fair wife, and she taught his people the art of making nets, for she had the implements for netting in her little flax-basket. And the tribe became rich and prosperous, as Huia had seen them in his vision, and they were grateful to him for the blessing and boon he had sought for them in the far north.

And if ever the fairy wife of Huia expressed any wish to go back to her people, he would point laughingly to the net in which she had been caught, and which he ever kept hanging on the walls of their whare.

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Maui, the Hercules of the Pacific

ONCE upon a time, on a dark summer's night, when the starry eyes of the Southern Cross were hidden behind drifting clouds, a woman, with the dusky skin and dark eyes of sunny lands, was standing near the edge of the sea. She was wrapping her new-born babe round and round with thick locks of her hair, which she had just cut off with her knife of obsidian. When she had put this strange covering on the child, she raised it high up in her arms, and, in spite of its wailing, threw it far into the waves. Then she turned away and went back to her dwelling under the tree-ferns in the gully near by. The woman was Taranga, and the little child was Maui, who had been thus abandoned by his unfeeling mother. She had four sons already, and did not want another.

Now, the waves of the sea were sorry for the little Maui, and they cradled him tenderly in thick sea-weed, and rocked him to sleep, while the breezes sang soft lullabies. Then those wanderers on the mountain heights, the mighty hurricanes and squalls, saw what the ocean had done, and,

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pitying the lonely baby on that wide expanse of waters, hurried the rolling waves with their burden to the shore, where they laid little Maui on a bed of soft jelly-fish. Myriads of opal-winged flies came and buzzed around him, so that other insects which might have harmed him were afraid to come near. But the flies could not keep off the fierce birds of prey, who, as the day dawned, saw the baby lying there, and would have picked him to pieces, had not the mighty god Rangi commanded the gods of the mountain-tops to carry him to the heavens.

Thus was Maui, the little earth-born boy, saved by the gods, and he was brought up in the skies, and taught many things which gave him more than mortal power.

Though rich in knowledge Maui was not beautiful; one of his eyes was the colour of the bright brown eel, and the other of the clear green jade, but he was exeeeding strong and active and was wonderfully tatooed with the numberless straight parallel lines of the ancient tatooing. As Maui grew older he became discontented with his life in the heavens, where he had no other boys to play or work with, and he said to the gods:

"Tell me who are my father and mother. I know I am not a child of the gods or I should be a god too." And they told him who his parents were, and that his mother had thrown him into the sea, and also that he had four brothers and a sister on earth. Then Maui said, "I want to go down to them and see what the world is like where mortals dwell." He was told that he might do so, and that he was to teach men all he had learned up in the heavens.

So Maui went down to the earth on the wings of the wind, and found his brothers playing the game called niti

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on the sands. Maui took a piece of fern-stick and wound a ball of flax round one end of it as they had done, and asked if he could try the game. The boys answered, "Yes, you can join us if you like." They did not know he was their brother, and they said to one another, "I wonder where he comes from that he does not know the game of niti. We shall have some fun out of him if he has not played before."

So each threw his stick in turn along the surface of the ground to see which could make it skim the farthest and the best. They were astonished as they went on with the game, to hear Maui call out the name of each boy in the right order to throw, beginning at the eldest, and when he called out his own name the last as "Maui, the child of Taranga," they were angry, and said, "We know nothing of you, you are not our brother."

"I am," said Maui, "I am the youngest one, who was thrown into the sea."

"You are not our brother," said they again, indignantly, "and we will call our mother to tell you so, and to send you off." Maui was glad when they said this, for he wanted to see his mother. When Taranga came and heard what they said, she counted the boys, and said to Maui, "Here are four boys without you, so you are not my child. Go away at once;" and she turned to his brothers, and told them to practise their dance, the Haka, and to take no notice of the strange boy. But when they stood in place for the dance, Maui came forward to join them. This made his mother angry, and she said, "Go away, for you are not my child, and I will have nothing to do with you."

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But Maui said, "I am your youngest child, mother, whom you threw into the sea when a little baby"; and Taranga gazed at him wonderingly as he told them how he had been saved from death by his ancestors, the gods, and brought up by them in the heavens. But he did not tell them that he had more than mortal power, for he wished some day to surprise them. When he had finished his strange tale, his mother knew he must be indeed her child, and she was glad, for she had often been sorry for having thrown him into the sea, and she said joyfully, "In truth you are my own boy Maui, my youngest born, and you shall sleep beside me on my mat to-night. Come, we will rub noses long, for I welcome you, my son."

Then the brothers exclaimed indignantly, "Our mother never wants us to sleep with her on her mat, or to rub noses long with us. Why should she with this little brat?" and they were jealous of him. But afterwards, when they found that Maui could teach them many things they did not know before—how to make better pots in which to catch eels, and barbed spears, and improved fish-hooks—they began to like him better. And when the time came for planting the fields with their favourite root, the kumara, Maui taught them to sing this song to the great god Io, so that their crops might be blessed:

My spirit yearns for thee,
Crush thou mine enemy,
O god of Man—
Io!

Lo! thus I plant my crops.
Send down thy gracious drops,
And make them grow,
O god of Man—
Io!

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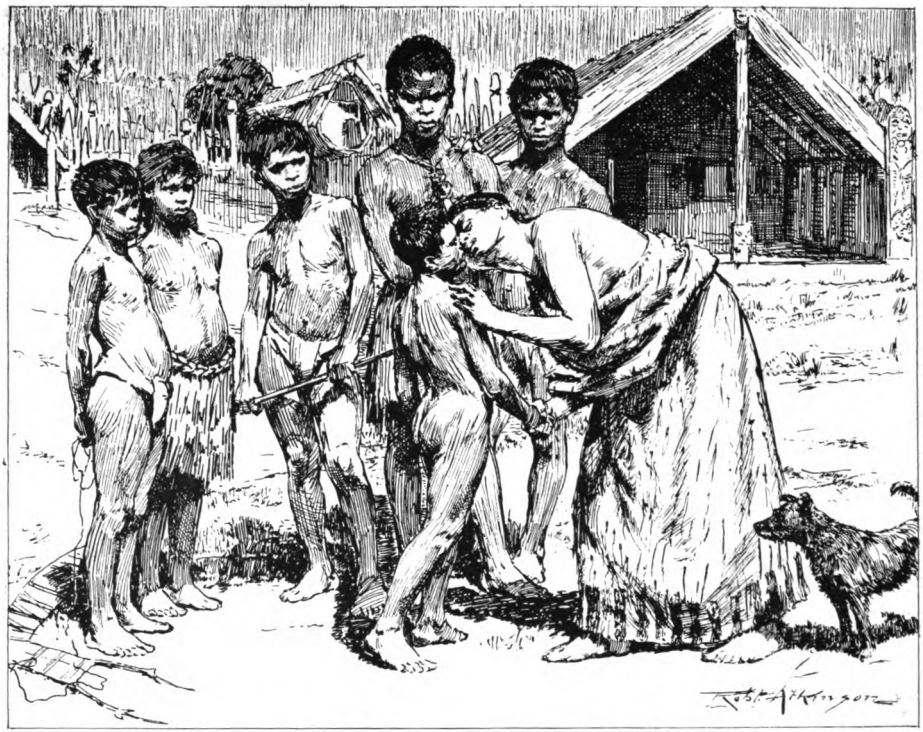

TARANGA WELCOMES MAUI.

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Let not salt breezes blight
These fields, our great delight,
O god of Man
Io!

Descend the hills O cloud,
Mid wind and thunder loud.
Lo, I mine offering bring!
Lo, thus my chant I sing!
Thus thee adore.
O god of Man—
Io!

And Maui was feared by all the other lads of the tribe, for he was strong and wise; and crafty must he be indeed who could outdo Maui in anything that required cunning and skill.

One day when Maui and his brothers were playing a game of hide-and-seek their sister Hina hid Maui under a heap of leaves, and the others sought him long in vain. At last Hina said "He is under that heap of leaves," but when they turned over the leaves he was not there; and Hina was astonished, for she had covered him up carefully with her own hands. So she went to the heap and searched again, but there was nothing under the leaves. Whilst she and the brothers stood by wondering, Maui suddenly appeared from the midst of the same heap of leaves. Then they knew for the first time that he must have more than mortal power, and they no longer were surprised that he excelled in all games, whether of throwing a spear at a fern-stem as mark, flying kites, or playing cat's cradle, or in the sports which the tribes held.

Now Maui still slept in his mother's hut, and he had noticed that she went away every morning at dawn, and as

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she seldom returned till the evening, he often wondered where she went. So he thought now that he was older he would try and find out by following her, for she would tell him nothing. He said to his brothers, "Do you know where our mother goes?" They said "No, and we do not care; whether she goes north or south it is all the same to us."

"I do care," said Maui, "for I love my mother, and I do not like her to go away alone all day; perhaps some harm will come to her. She goes to some place where there is fire, for the food which she sometimes brings back is cooked. Perhaps she goes to the place where they know the secret of fire-making. I should like to know it. But you are older than I, brothers, and you ought to follow our mother."

"We do not care to follow her," said his brothers. "Why should we trouble ourselves? She does not feed us, and we never see our father, and we do not know where he is. Rangi the Heavens sends the soft rain and the sunshine to foster the food which our mother, Papatua the Earth, provides for her children. They are our best father and mother; we do not want any other."

"But before you could eat of the food of the earth, our own mother nursed you at her breast," said Maui, "and you ought to love her. Alas! I was never nursed at her breast, and yet I love her."

Maui's brothers were astonished to hear him speak thus, and said, "We do not feel as you do."

And Maui continued: "My love urges me to seek her and to see if she is happy in the place where she goes every day: and maybe I shall see that which will make me reconciled

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to her absence. Perhaps it is my father she visits. But I know not the dangers of the way, and I may never return from my journey to the unknown."

His brothers replied, "We do not see why you need fear; you are only searching for those you love; and when you come back from the other world you will have accomplished a mighty feat, and all men will honour you. Go then, for do not the gods love you?"

Finding his brothers would not go, Maui determined to follow his mother alone. So one night when she was asleep he took her girdle and mat, and he hid them, so that she could not go away before he was awake. He blocked up the window and every cranny where the sun could shine in, so that she should not be roused early by the light. When Taranga opened her eyes it was morning, but as the others were still sleeping soundly, she said, "What a long, dark night it is," and she went to sleep again. When she again woke and found it was still dark, she jumped up and undid the window, and behold it was bright day. Then she looked round for her mat, and, as she could not find it, she hastily took an old one, and flinging it round her, rushed out, exclaiming, "My children, my children, why have you treated me thus?"

Maui waked up just in time to follow her. When some distance from the house she went down a gully, and stopped before two large black rocks, and he hid in the long ferns near by to watch her. Turning her face to the north, Maui heard Taranga chant these words:

As clouds of night part at the dawn,
O mighty rocks apart be torn!

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Ye spirits fierce who bidden stay
In earth's dark depths, bar not my way
To realms of shade. Wide open fling
Your portals grim while thus I sing.

And the rocks divided, and when she had disappeared into the chasm they closed again silently. Maui repeated the words of her song over and over again to himself, so as to remember them. Then he ran back to tell his brothers what he had seen. They said, "Why did you not go after our mother? Go, in the might of your knowledge, for the gods love you." "Then will I turn myself into a pigeon," said Maui, "so that, if she sees me, she may admire me, and not be angry." This he said because he had often turned himself into different birds to amuse his mother and brothers in the evening. Once he had put on his mother's green apron with the fringe of dog's-tail hair, and her girdle, and had changed himself into a pigeon. The green apron made the lovely colours on the breast of the bird, and the dark girdle the dark band round its throat, and his mother, when she saw him, cried: "Now, indeed, you look beautiful, Maui, and when you sit amongst the green leaves of a tree all who see you, and hear you coo softly, will love you."

So when the the first rays of dawn chased away the shades of night Maui went to the place where the two rocks stood looming grim and mysterious in the uncertain light. Turning his face to the north, he repeated boldly his mother's words:

As clouds of night part at the dawn,
O mighty rocks apart be torn!
Ye spirits fierce who hidden stay
In earth's dark depths, bar not my way

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To realms of shade. Wide open fling
Your portals grim while thus I sing.

And the two rocks flew apart, showing a dark chasm, guarded by two fierce spirits with hideous faces and tongues of flame. And they gnashed their teeth and struck the air with their huge claw-like fingers when they saw it was an unknown mortal, and they made fierce hisses of rage the while. But when they rushed at Maui, he quickly turned himself into a pigeon and flew down the chasm. One of the spirits caught hold of his tail as he passed, but he only pulled out a few feathers, and the bird passed quickly down the dark passage to the shades. Maui found himself in a world much like the world above, only a perpetual twilight reigned there, for the full light of the sun could not enter. Men and women were resting on sapless grass under sombre-looking trees, and Maui saw his mother sitting beside a man whom he thought must be his father, and Maui perched on a branch above them, and said to himself, "Now I shall find out why my mother comes here;" but he was too far off to hear their low tones. So he took a hard berry in his beak and dropped it down on his father's forehead. Some people near said, "It must have been a bird which let the berry fall;" but Maui's father said, "Oh, no; the berry was ripe, so it fell."

Maui soon afterwards let another berry drop on his father's forehead. This time his mother looked up and said, "I can see a bird in the tree," and, looking more closely, she saw it was a pigeon from the earth, for there were none such in the shades.

Some of the people began to throw stones at the bird, but they could not hit it. Then his mother spoke softly,

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and said, "Do you come from the daylight, O bird?" and added in low tones, "Maybe it is that wonderful boy Maui, whom I left on earth, and who has followed me here." Hearing her words, Maui answered, cooing softly, and his mother knew his voice, and she said, "Now I know you are my boy Maui. Come down to me." And Maui quickly turned into his own form again, and stood beside his mother. Then Taranga told the people the tale of his birth, and of her having thrown him into the sea because she had already four sons, and added, "But his ancestors, the gods of the waves and the winds, smiled on him, and saved him from death, and the great god Rangi took him to the heavens—whence he had returned to visit me with more than mortal knowledge and power. And, turning to Maui, she said in a loud voice, so that all the people in the shades could hear, "Welcome, welcome art thou, O my son"; and the people cried, "No wonder we could not hit him when he was a pigeon, for he is beloved of the gods."

Maui's father was greatly astonished to hear all this, but he too said, "Welcome, O my son, thou child of my old age! Come, and let me sprinkle thee with the living waters of the great Tané, the god of light, that thou mayest be blessed and perform mighty works." And Taranga said, "Even so, O my son, for when thou art strong in thy manhood thou must go far, even to the realms of Hiné, the goddess of death, and destroy her, and free all mankind from her power."

Then Maui's father sprinkled him with the living waters, but, after he had done so, he was greatly troubled, for he had forgotten to say all the incantations, and he cried, "Woe is me! Woe is me! For now shalt thou be con-

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quered by Hiné, the Goddess of Death if thou goest to her realms. O my son, go not, I beseech thee, but stay with us in our old age."

So spoke his father to Maui, but he remembered his mother's words, and resolved, when the fulness of his manhood was accomplished, to go and fear not.

The older Maui grew, the more did he attempt great and daring deeds. Whilst he was down in the spirit-world he had heard that his grandmother Muri lived there, and that, on account of her magic jawbone, she was able to do wonderful things. So Maui went down to the shades, and asked more about her. They told him that some one had to take food to the old woman every day, and that she was very terrible to meet, for she would eat any mortal she could catch. "I will take her food," said Maui, and muttered to himself, "I mean to get her jawbone."

So he went day after day with the food, and put it near her dwelling, but he did not see her. At last he left the food some distance off the place, so that she might come to search for it, and Maui hid himself and waited. He soon saw his grandmother coming, and, feeling that something was wrong, she sniffed to find if she could smell a man. The old woman was terrible to look at, for she extended herself ready to swallow him, and she gnashed her mighty jaw. Then she sniffed to the west, but she could find no one there. She sniffed to the north, but could find no one there. She sniffed to the east, but could find no one there. At last she sniffed to the south, and she smelt a man. So she extended herself still more as she thought of the feast in store.

"Who are you?" she asked, in a terrible voice. Maui

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did not answer. "Are you brought by the south wind that touches my skin?"

Maui replied, "Yes, I am." Then the old woman knew from his voice that it was Maui, and she was greatly disappointed, for she could not eat her grandson, so she shrunk back to her usual size. Then Maui came out of his hiding-place; and she said, "Why are you playing tricks on me, Maui? You have always been a trouble both to gods and man. I thought I should have been free from you down here. What do you want?"

"I want your magic jawbone, grandmother, with which you do such wonderful deeds," replied Maui.

"I shall not give it to you," said the old woman.

"Then I shall take it," said Maui, and he looked so strong, and the old woman felt so weak from the want of food, that she said, "Then take it," and Maui did so, and returned with it to earth, and told his brothers where he had been and what he had seen.

One night soon afterwards Maui felt very mischievous, and he got up and put out all the fires in the country-side, so that when the people got up in the morning they could not cook their food, and they did not know how to make fire. So there were loud outcries, which Maui for some time pretended not to hear. At last he got up and said, "What is the matter? Why are you making such a noise?"

And they told him some one had put all the fires out, and they could not rekindle them.

"Go to the world below and get fire," said Maui; "they know how to make it there."

"Yes, yes," said they all; but they were afraid to go.

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At last they asked Maui to go, and when he had agreed to do so, they offered to go part of the way with him to help him on the road. But Maui knew the way, and wished to go alone.

When he got there he told his mother how he had put all the fires out, and asked where Mahuika the fire-god lived. She said: "What! Up to tricks again, Maui! You had better not go and tease your ancestor the fire-god, for he is a very hot-tempered old fellow."

"I do not care, mother," replied Maui, and he started off.

He soon found the fire-god's dwelling-place, because of the smoke. Mahuika was busy cooking some human bones. They had been on the hot stones of the oven some time; he had just lifted off the mat, and was sniffing the food with great satisfaction. So he turned round to Maui in rather a better temper than usual.

"What do you want?"

"I want a fire-stick." But the old man only grunted and turned away.

Maui waited a moment or two, then said again, "Give me a fire-stick."

The old man sniffed loudly, but said nothing.

"I want a fire-stick," called out Maui, so angrily that at last the fire-god, to get rid of him, threw him one. Maui picked it up, and then went away. But as he went he thought, "It is the secret of how to make fire I want, not fire only."

So he dropped the burning stick into water, wetted his hands, and went back and said, showing his hands, "I fell in the water and the fire went out. It is the secret of how to make fire that I want to know. Tell it to me."

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But the old man would not tell him; he only threw him another fire-stick.

Maui went away and put that one in the water, too, and came back and said again, insolently:

"Tell me how to make fire, or I shall make you tell me," and his eyes blazed with fury.

The old man was very angry when he heard this, and looking at Maui, who was a little man, answered:

"You are an impudent fellow; I shall toss you up high into the air."

Maui only replied, "Tell me the secret of fire-making." This made the fire-god more furious, and he rushed into his dwelling to put on his magic fire-girdle. The old man rushed at Maui, seized him, and tossed him up high into the air, even as high as the highest trees. But Maui made himself as light as a pigeon, and fell unhurt. Mad with rage, the fire-god seized him again and hurled him up far higher than the highest trees. Again Maui fell unhurt, and again and again the old man threw him up, only to see Maui fall back to the earth uninjured. The fire-god was by this time panting for want of breath, so Maui said, "Now it is my turn;" and he seized him and tossed him up right out of sight, then caught him like a ball when he came down. Again and again did he do this, till the old man was quite exhausted. Maui was just getting ready for a final toss, when the fire-god cried out, "O spare me, and I will tell you the secret of fire-making."

So Maui put him down, and the old man showed him how to make fire, by rubbing a piece of hard wood on a softer piece and putting fine fibre in the hollow thus made to catch the sparks from the rubbing. But Maui was not

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MAUI AND THE FIRE-GOD.

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appeased by this, and when he had been told the secret, he seized the old man and killed him. Maui then went back to his parents, and told them what he had done, and they said, "You were wrong to kill your ancestor the fire-god. Did you bury him, Maui?" And Maui said, "Yes."

They told him to go and dig him up and scrape his bones decently. After some time he did so, and put the bones into dry gourds, and rattled them violently, as he had often seen children rattle stones. But the Mahuika being a god, was not to be killed thus, and he called his own bones together, and took shape again, and pursued Maui, who seized a fire-brand and ran as hard as he could on the road which led to the upper world. On his way, he set several places on fire, and the flames pursued and scorched him, and in spite of the rain-deluge which the gods poured down when they heard Maui's cries for help, some burning places below were not put out, and they continue to burn to this day. So Maui took back to men the secret of fire-making by friction of sticks, or as some say, Maui hid the fire he obtained from below in many of the trees, and so preserved it for the people.

Thus was another great work of Maui achieved.

After this Maui married Hiné-a-te the swamp-daughter. Sometimes when Maui came home at night his food was not ready, and if he grumbled his wife always said, "I have no time to cook food, or do anything, the days are too short. I no sooner make the oven hot, than the sun goes down and leaves me in darkness." And many of the people grumbled at the same thing. So Maui at last said, "We will tie the sun to the earth, so that he cannot travel so fast or so far."

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"We cannot do that," said his brother laughing, "nor can you. The heat of the sun would be so fierce, you could not go near to him, and if you could catch him he is far too strong for even you to hold."

But Maui answered:

"Have I not been to the spirit-land and back more than once? Have I not done great deeds? I can do yet greater. Go and get strong flax-fibre, and I will show you how to make great strong ropes which can bind even the deathless gods."

The brothers did as Maui told them, and great was the plaiting of ropes, strong ropes, twisted ropes, and three plait ropes, in order to make nooses with which to catch the Sun-god.

"We must start long before dawn," said Maui, "so as to get to the place where the sun comes up above the edge of the earth. Then must we throw the ropes over him before he knows what we would do; for he can surpass all gods in speed and might."

So they rose in the night, and journeyed long over the plains to the place where the sun rises, and they broke off large branches of the trees and built a place behind which they could shelter from the fierce heat.

Then they hid themselves and watched for the sun. Maui had taken the jawbone of his grandmother with him as a weapon, and the brothers had taken the ropes.

Maui said: "Wait till the sun's head and shoulders are well up above the earth, and then we will throw the nooses over him; and you must hold the ropes tight whilst I beat him well with my grandmother's jawbone till he is so feeble that we can tie him down easily."

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And they agreed to do this.

Up, up came the sun in his glorious beauty ; his bright locks flaming with fierce heat, little knowing what danger awaited him. Maui and his brothers kept quite still behind their shelter till the sun's head and shoulders were well up. Then the brothers started up, and after several attempts they managed to throw the nooses over the sun's head, and then they pulled the ropes with all their strength, whilst Maui belaboured him unmercifully.

In vain the astonished sun drew his mighty limbs together and tried to break the ropes. Their magical strength could not be broken.

"Why do you beat me so? Do you not know that I am the source of light and heat? How dare you assault me, the great god Ra?"

So spake he in his anger.

But Maui still went on beating him violently, and the brothers continued to haul at the ropes. "What have I done? What have I done?" cried the sun, indignantly. But he got no answer, and more furious was the beating, till at last he cried aloud for mercy. Then they told him that he had been in the habit of travelling too quickly, and therefore they must tie him so that he could not go so fast or so far.

And in spite of his protesting they bound him to the earth, and he was so crippled and so shorn of his strength, that he could not resist.

His flaming locks no longer fell upon the earth in great masses, burning the surface, but were so spread out by the hammering they had undergone from Maui, that ever afterwards they fell on the world in numberless fine threads.

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And the strong ropes with which Ra is bound can often be seen stretching through the clouds from the sun to the earth, but being so far off they look very slight, and men call them beams of light.

So Maui and his brothers returned home satisfied with what they had done, for the days were longer and the heat less fierce. Thus was another great work of Maui accomplished.

Maui also tied the moon to the sun—so that when the sun set, the moon should be dragged up and light the earth. He then caught all the winds except the west wind and shut them up in a cave, and he had power over them. Maui often rode on the south and north winds to try and catch the west wind, and when the west wind blew gently, the people said it was because it was nearly exhausted in flying from Maui.

Now Maui was in many respects a very lazy fellow; he did not care to help in the ordinary work of everyday life, though he would rouse up at times and do great deeds. One day his brothers said to him:

"Maui, you never go out to help to catch fish for food." And the women and children came round Maui and also reproached him for being lazy. Then he muttered:

"Now, O mothers and children, have I not accomplished a great many things, and shall the act of procuring food be too great for me? You cannot imagine the abundance of food that shall to-day be shone upon on this shore by the sun."

And these words of Maui were often afterwards in the mouths of the people when they recounted his many deeds.

Then Maui said aloud to his brothers:

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"You are always fishing; the truth is, there is too much water and too little land. I will go with you and show you what I can do to help."

But the brothers thought, from the way he spoke, that he meant to do something mischievous, and so they went off that night to fish, and left him behind. But Maui was not to be done in that way, so he turned himself into a bird, and flew after the canoe and alighted on the edge. Then he turned into his own form again, and his brothers were angry, but they only said, sullenly:

"What is the good of your coming? You have no fishing-tackle."

They did not know that Maui had made a big fish-hook out of his grandmother's jawbone, and had it hidden under his mat. He only laughed and said:

"Go far out to sea, for I want to fish in deep waters."

At first they would not obey him; but they were really afraid of Maui, and when he said again, angrily, "Go out far to sea," they sailed out a long distance at his bidding. Then Maui told them to put their lines in the deep water; and before they could sink far, innumerable fish came to the hooks, even up to the canoe, and it was soon filled with fish.

Then Maui said:

"Now see what I can do."

But the brothers answered jeeringly again, "What can you do with no fishing-tackle?" Maui only laughed, and drew from under his mat his line with the magical fish-hook upon it, which was ornamented with shell-pearl and shone beautifully as it flashed in the moonlight.

The brothers watched him wonderingly as he smeared the hook with some blood from his finger for bait, for they

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would not give him any. Then Maui let down his line into the deep sea, singing:

O gentle north-east breeze!
Oh gentle south-east breeze!
Come play upon my line,
Sweet tremulous song to make,
As swift to ocean-caves
It runneth to and fro.
Let nothing roughly sweep
Across my line to break
Or mar my sport this night,
In the dark depths below.

So sang Maui; and soon afterwards the line was roughly pulled, the waters were violently agitated, the canoe was shaken and twisted about, and, as Maui held on firmly to the jerking line, his brothers called out:

"Let go, Maui; you have brought us out here to drown us!"

But Maui still continued pulling hard and singing. The mighty waves boiled, and at last Maui called out to his frightened brothers, "See! this is the fish which I came out to catch;" and with many struggles he pulled up a mighty fish indeed, a large surface of land, even Te-ika-a-Maui (the fish of Maui), or the north island of New Zealand. And their canoe lay high and dry upon it. Then Maui said to his brothers, "Do not meddle with this fish till I come back. I go to offer the first-fruits of this earth to the gods, so that they may scrape the evil spirits with shells who tempted us to transgress their laws and take this sacred fish out of the deep pit below the sea. When I return we will divide the fish, even this land."

But no sooner was Maui out of sight than they began to

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quarrel and to divide the prize, cutting it up with their by-knives. The fish wriggled with its head and tail and fins, and writhed whilst the brothers hacked at it. Thus were formed the mountains and the gullies and the rough cliffs of the land which Maui fished up. When Maui returned he was very angry with his brothers for what they had done, and he said:

"If it had not been for your greed and quarrelling my land would have been beautifully level."

But his brothers were too busy to answer, and they were cross besides, for their heavy canoe, full of fish, was left high and dry because of Maui's fishing freak, and they would have to carry it a great distance overland. Thus was another great work of Maui accomplished.

Maui was so pleased with his success with the fish-hook made out of his grandmother's jawbone that he thought he would like some more jawbones, so as to make hooks of different sizes. Now, Maui had two sons who were very mischievous like himself, and this he could not allow. So one day he said:

"My sons, you do too much talking and too little work; I shall send you up into the sky. Perhaps you will keep out of mischief and do some work there. Besides, I want your jawbones," muttered the cruel father to himself, "for I think they are good ones."

"All right, father," said his sons, for they liked the notion of going up to the heavens.

"But I shall not let you be together; you would be up to more mischief then," added Maui.

So when night came, Maui tossed one son up high into the sky, where he became the evening star, and the

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other he tossed up at dawn, and he became the morning star. The one has to shine on "the great high road of Tané," the god of light, and herald the sun's rising. The other watches to catch his last rays as he goes down at evening. But Maui kept his sons' jawbones to make fish-hooks for his own use.

When Maui's favourite brother Taki, who had always helped Maui in his works, saw how beautiful the two sons looked as stars, he said:

"I am getting old, Maui, and I should like also to be a star."

"Very well," said Maui; "but you are too heavy for me to throw up, you must climb up on spiders' threads." And Maui helped him by incantation to do so. And Taki's right eye became the Takiara, the guiding-star; and he is very proud in the sky, for he ever guides men with his bright light.

Now Maui had a brother-in-law, who was just as ugly as Taki had been beautiful. He was so strangely formed that he looked like a lot of huge warts stuck together. So he was called Irawaru, or "Eight-warts"; he was a greedy fellow, too. Sometimes he went out fishing with Maui; and one day he ate all the bait when Maui was not looking, so they had to return home without any fish, for Maui did not want to fish up more land with his blood as bait. Maui was terribly angry with Eight-warts for doing this, so when they got on shore, he sent his brother-in-law into a deep sleep, and said, "I will serve him out for being so greedy."

Then Maui pulled his brother-in-law's mouth, jaw, and ears into the shape of those of a dog; he pulled his arms and legs into the shape of a dog's legs; and he drew his

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backbone out till it became like a tail. Having done this, Maui waked his brother-in-law up, and when he found himself a dog, the poor fellow ran off howling into the bush near by. Maui looked after him admiringly and said, "He really looks better now than he did when he was Eight-warts, if he only knew it."

When Maui got home, his sister said, "Where is my husband?"

And Maui answered, "Oh, he is somewhere near the canoe; he will come back soon."

But he did not come, and at last his wife said, "I will go and call him."

And she called him; but still he did not come.

"I believe you have done something to him, Maui with your magic power," said she.

Maui only answered, "Go and whistle for him, and call 'Moi-moi' (the words which are used to call a dog), then perhaps he will come."

So she did as Maui told her, and the howling of a dog answered her voice, and a dog soon afterwards came running to her, wagging its tail. Then she cried out to Maui, "You have cursed my husband and turned him into a dog by your wicked tricks."

And so it was; and the poor wife was so distressed at finding her husband a dog that she threw herself into the sea.

Many years went by, and Maui was always doing some mischief or other, and he was, as he had been in his youth, a nuisance to both men and gods. But the people thought no one would ever be able to kill Maui, he was such a strong fellow. Why, he could drag a whale up high on

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the shore alone, or carry mighty forest trees. But Maui felt himself getting old, and thought it was quite beneath the dignity of man to die, so he remembered his mother's words long ago, when he visited her in the shades. And he went to his mother again, and said:

"I am going to kill our ancestress, Hiné, the goddess of death. I tried long ago to make her promise that man should be like the moon, whose life is renewed each month by bathing in the waters of the lake of Tané. But Hiné only answered me, 'No! let man die and become part of the soil, and never rise to his life on earth again.' So now, mother, I shall destroy Hiné," said Maui.

"My son," said his father, who had been listening, "you cannot do that; she is too powerful."

"I think I can manage it," said Maui. "When she is asleep I shall jump into her mouth, and if I can once get into her body, take her heart, and come out of her mouth again, she will no longer have power over men."

"You cannot do that, my son; if man once goes into the jaws of Hiné he never comes back."

"I shall try," said Maui. "Did I not nearly strangle Ra, the sun-god, and Hiné is not so terrible nor so strong as he was. Why should I fear her when I beat him?"

"Of course you will please yourself," said his father; "but I left out those prayers at your baptism, when I sprinkled you with the water, and I know Hiné will be the cause of your death if you seek her; I entreat you not to meddle with her, O my son."

But Maui would listen to no words of warning, he only said:

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"Tell me what Hiné is like, and where to look for her."

And his father replied, "Do you see the lightning-flashes on the horizon? They are the lights of her terrible eyes."

"What else?" asked Maui.

"Her teeth are jagged, and sharp as obsidian."

"What else?" asked Maui.

"Her mouth is like that of the large shark, and no man returns who once enters."

"Is that all?" answered Maui. "I shall go, for my heart knows not fear."

"O my last born, and the power of my old age, evil will come to thee; go not," entreated his father.

But Maui would not hearken to his father's or mother's prayers, and left for the shades determined to seek Hiné, the terrible one. He asked his brothers to go with him, but they would not. No one would go with him. Now Maui, though sometimes a cruel man, had always been kind to the birds, and they loved him in spite of the use he often made of them, and of the way he punished them when they did not obey him.

Thus, one day when he was on a journey, he wanted some water. He called the tieke, or saddle-back, to fetch him some, but it would not, so Maui threw it into the water. The bird made a great noise at this, and all saddle-backs have been very clamorous ever since. Then he called the hihi, or stitch-bird, to go for water, but it would not, so Maui threw it into the fire, and some of the stitch-bird's feathers are of a yellow flame colour to this day.

He then asked the toutowai, or small robin, to fetch

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some water, and it did so; and Maui made the feathers over the small robin's bill beautifully white as a reward.

And he called the pukeko, or swamp-hen, and it filled its ears with water, and brought it to him. And Maui was pleased, and pulled its legs out long, so that ever afterwards the swamp-hen could go into marshy places and get its food easily.

Thus, when no one else would go with Maui, some of the birds who had been listening said, "We will go with you." And the little robin and the big robin, the lark, the fantail, the white-head, the rail, and many other kinds of small birds, came to Maui and said, "We will go with you," and they followed on his path, flitting here and there beside him, so that he should not feel lonely. Thus Maui started with his feathered friends only on his terrible enterprise, deserted alike by the gods and by man.

After long journeying, Maui arrived where Hiné, the goddess of death, abode. But he could not see her whole form; he could only see that her mouth was open, and, as the lightning flashes played not from her eyes, he knew that she slept. So he turned to the little birds, and said:

"Now be very quiet, and do not laugh."

"We will try to be quiet," replied the birds. "But we fear you will be killed. Do take care of yourself, friend Maui."

Then Maui took off his mats, and his skin shone like the mottled skin of a mackerel, he was so beautifully tatooed. Then Maui, with one more warning to the little birds not to laugh, jumped head first into the mouth of Hiné.

When he got as far down inside her as his chest, his legs were left hanging out, and he looked so very funny that the

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birds had to screw up their cheeks not to laugh outright. But the little swamp-rail could not keep quiet, and he laughed out loud, with his merry note. Alas! this waked Hiné. With a sudden snap of her mighty jaws she cut Maui right in two at the waist, and his legs tumbled to the ground.

At this dreadful sight the birds flew away frightened and horror-struck to tell the sad news of Maui's death; and they sang no more for many days. And the little rail laughed no more.

Thus died the mighty Maui, conquered by Hiné, the goddess of death. And so the children of men must all die. Hence the proverb says, "Man may have many children, but Hiné strangles them all."

Now although Maui had sometimes troubled them, his brothers were really proud of his feats, and so the eldest brother lamented loudly for him in these words:

O brother thou art dead!
In vain we ask the gods
Why death did conquer thee,
Though gifts to them were burned
And songs to them were sung.
O brother thou art dead!

O brother thou art dead!
Why laughed the little rail?
Dread Hiné woke. Then flashed
The lightning from her eyes,
Her cruel jaws were closed
On thee, alas! on thee,
And man for evermore
Must die,
O brother thou art dead!

Maui, the great Hercules of the Pacific lands, dwells in

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the heavens, and his wonderful fish-hook is to be seen there.

The hooked tail of the Scorpion is the magic fish-hook of Maui.

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Hinemoa, or the Beautiful Maori Maiden of Rotorua

IN the centre of the north island of New Zealand there is a large and beautiful lake called Rotorua. Low wooded cliffs fringed with ferns and the long plumes of the graceful toi-grass, jut out here and there into the clear waters, and gently undulating slopes, thickly covered with many coloured bracken, stretch to the edge of the bright sandy beach. In small irregular gullies nestle rich clumps of varied shrubs, and in the spring the wandering clematis throws over them its sprays of starry white blossoms and dark shining leaves. Overhead the feathery crowns of the tree-fern wave in stately grandeur. Clumps of flax-bushes flourish in the marshy hollows, sending up their strong, sword-like leaves and spikes of dusky red bloom, and many a wild bird makes its home amidst the thick rushes and sedges that here and there edge the wide expanse of sparkling water.

In the middle of the lake, several miles from the shore, the pretty island of Mokoia, fern-clad and fertile, lies like a green gem on its fair bosom. A Maori tribe lives on

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Mokoia and other tribes live upon the mainland, and many native canoes may now, as in bygone days, be seen passing backward and forward between the different villages. Hot springs rise out of the shores at the south end of the lake and bubble and steam amidst the clumps of bushes, forming luxuriant bathing places of varied heat for the brown-skinned natives, who sit in them for hours together both by day and night. They cook their kumaras and fish in the boiling pools, and often build their huts over some flat hot stones, so that even in winter hours their life is full of ease and comfort.

A long time ago there was a young Maori girl called Hinemoa, who belonged to a tribe living upon the mainland, and she was more beautiful than any maiden far or near. The fame of her beauty had spread throughout the country-side, and many a stalwart chief desired her in marriage. Amongst them was a young warrior called Tutané, and he and his three elder brothers lived with their tribe on the island of Mokoia. When they met Hinemoa at an assembly of the Rotorua people, they saw that she was indeed fair, and each wished to win her for his wife. But Hinemoa was of much higher rank than they were, and her people would not hear of her marrying any one of them. Now the maiden herself liked the handsome young Tutané, and she often used to sit on the shore in the warm summer evenings and listen to the music of Tutané's trumpet as it was wafted across the lake from the high platform which he had built on the near shore of the island, for himself and his great friend Tiki, who loved to play his flute there with him. When Hinemoa heard the notes of Tutané's trumpet, she murmured to herself softly, "That is the sweet music

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of Tutané!" and her heart was filled with thoughts of him.

When the tribes met for games and dances, Hinemoa and Tutané were often together, and admiring looks passed between them, for each was pleasing in the other's sight. When they were apart, Tutané's heart was full of tender thoughts of the fair maiden, and Hinemoa's heart was filled with sweet remembrances of the soft tones of his voice. But Tutané did not know if Hinemoa would be his wife, for was she not of much higher rank than he was? How could he, a younger son, dare to woo the beautiful maiden of Rotorua, the much-prized daughter of the great chief Umukaria, or venture to take her hand, or with soft touches tell her of his love?

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And Hinemoa said to herself, "How do I know he really loves me? Perhaps if I send a friend to tell him of my love I should not be pleasing in his sight."

Thus for a long time these two met and did not speak of the affection each had for the other, only when they were together shy glances were unspoken words; and when apart, the evening music of Tutané's trumpet came over the lake, breathing its tale of constant love. After many weeks had gone by, Tutané determined to send his friend Tiki with a message and ask if Hinemoa would be his wife. When Hinemoa heard his words she was glad, and she said, "Ah, and have we both loved alike all this time!"

So when Tutané next met Hinemoa he was no longer too shy to speak words of love to her; but he dared not do so openly for fear of her father's anger. At the assemblies of the people the young men and girls often danced long dances, and had games apart from their elders, both in the daytime and during the fine summer evenings. They were also very fond of swinging; a tall pole was firmly fixed in the ground, from which ropes were suspended, and holding each a rope they loved to spring high from the ground, and swing round and round in the air, light as birds in their flight. They often sang this little song, comparing themselves to their favourite bird the kaka (parrot):

O swift bird thou art flying off!
Whither art thou flying?
Flying, flying to the sky,
Lightly soar we too on high.
Whither flying?

Whilst the young men and maidens thus amused themselves, their songs ringing in the soft summer air, Tutané

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and Hinemoa slipped away to some secret trysting place, and passed the hours in happy talk; and when the sound of the games ceased, or the distant voices were heard chanting the last refrain of the swing song:

Tired and weary now are we,
As all are in the sultry season,
We'll rest beneath the shady tree.
Tired and weary now are we!
Weary now are we!

Then the two lovers hastened back and mingled again with the merry throng, may be, to vie with each other in the young people's dances, which lasted far into the night.

After many happy times thus spent together, Hinemoa promised that one night, when she could get a canoe unseen by her tribe, she would go to her lover on the island and be his wife. And Tutané promised that he would play his trumpet every night, so that she might be guided by its music where to come to him.

One night, when Tutané and his father and brothers and others had met in the large house of general assembly, they began talking of Hinemoa and of her great beauty. Tutané's elder brother boasted that he had won her love. In turn each brother boasted of the same, and each said she had given him sweet touches of the hand and affectionate glances. When they said this Tutané became angry, and he jumped up hastily and said, "It is I whom Hinemoa loves, she has touched tenderly my hand alone." But his brother scoffed at him and called him "a younger son only, one whom a chief's daughter would never favour."

When his father, who was fond of Tutané, questioned him about this, he replied that Hinemoa truly loved him,

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and that she had indeed promised to cross the lake secretly to him and be his wife, and Tutané asked his father not to speak of this to any one, and he promised. But Hinemoa's people were suspicious about her feelings for Tutané, and they feared she might go to him. So her father, the great chief Wha Kane, gave orders that all the canoes should be drawn high up on the beach every night; and this was done, for they hoped thus to stop Hinemoa from running away to her lover.

One evening Hinemoa had been thinking fondly of her lover as she sat alone on the shore of the lake. The clear notes of his shell-trumpet were borne to her on the soft summer wind, and she wished much to go to him, for she was sad at heart. So she determined to join him on the island that very night. The canoes were too heavy for her to drag down to the water's edge alone, but she was strong and could swim well. Why could she not get some dry gourds and string them together, and use them as a float to help her when tired, and thus cross the lake to Tutané? So thought Hinemoa, the brave Maori maiden. When the sun had set, she crept back to the village, got the gourds, and fastened them together with strips of flax, so as to have three on each side to support her when she needed them. Several miles lay between her and the little island of Mokoia, which looked only like a blot in the dim distance of the dark stretching lake. Could she dare to cross that watery waste alone? Her heart beat quickly with fear and love. As she stood on a jutting rock, and for a brief moment hesitated to dive into the dark depths beneath, she again heard her lover's music, the notes sounding sweet and clear on the night air. Perhaps even then he was

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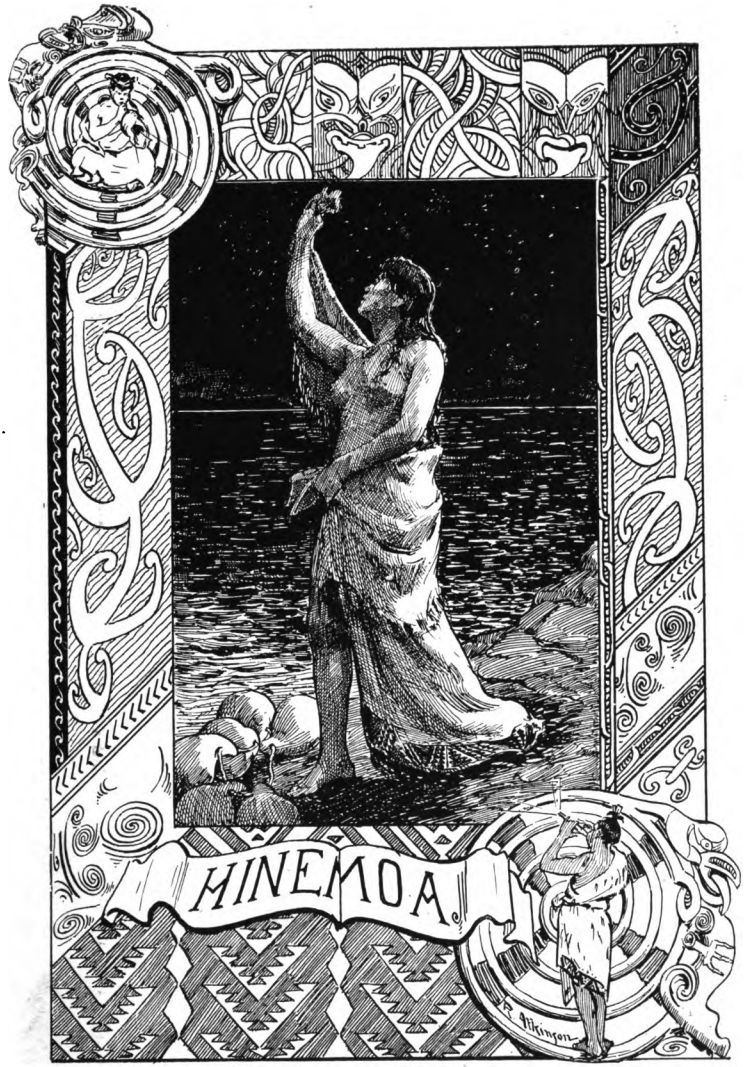

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thinking of her, and wondering if they would guide her to him. Murmuring to herself softly, "'Tis the sweet music of Tutané," Hinemoa quickly threw off her mat, and, taking her gourds in her hand, she plunged into the waters. The whirr of the startled reed-birds, affrighted by the splash, mingled with the gentle ripplings of the water as Hinemoa began her brave venture with only the faint light of the stars to guide her. For some distance Hinemoa swam easily and steadily, her spirit upheld by a quiet determination and courage. But as she got farther from the shore, and found herself in that dark watery waste alone, the slightest noise made her heart beat quickly. Surely that was the sound of paddles in the distance! She had been missed, and her father's people were pursuing her in swift canoes! No, it was only the soft lap of the wavelets on the headland. On, on she swam, bravely breasting the dark waters—her face upheld to the few stars. But what is that looming large and black a little ahead? A taniwha, a monster of the deep! It would seize her, and carry her to the watery caverns beneath. How could she escape? Her breath came fast and a cold trembling seized her as she gazed at the dreaded object. Ah, no! it was only an old tree-trunk floating on the lake. Trembling, but with her fear allayed, the girl rested on the trunk for a while. Then on, on again she went—so long, and so far, that it seemed to her as if she had been swimming for ages. Would the island never be nearer? Surely the lake current was carrying her the wrong way. Her lover's music, too, was silent, and her heart felt numb within her. All was so dark, and vast, and lonely. Still she struggled on, now steadily, now with quick, impatient strokes, now resting on her gourds, her limbs

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tired and chilled, her eyes trying to pierce the distance. Even the deeper shadows cast by the passing clouds were things to dread. "O Tutané! I hear not thy sweet music. Where art thou?" sighed Hinemoa. But even as she breathed the words, the notes of his shell trumpet, clearer than before, floated once more to her on the soft night wind, and the light of the young moon struggled through the summer clouds. Cheered and strengthened, the brave Hinemoa swam slowly, quietly on. But many a time did the girl's courage almost fail, her arms sink nerveless to her side. But she floated and rested again, and yet again, by the help of her gourds, and at last her lover's music sounded nearer, much nearer than before. Then the outline of the island became more distinct—surely she could hear the soft lap of the waters on the pebbly shore! Again she swam on in the direction from which the music came. "I come to thee, O Tutané, I come!" beat the girl's heart gladly. Now she could see the bushes and trees on the side of the island. And those must be the rocks round the bath at the edge of the lake, where the hot spring welled up from the bright sand. Her lover had often told her of that. Tutané's music had ceased, but what of that now! It had guided her safely over the long, lonely waste of waters. She was near Tutané! And Hinemoa, almost exhausted, but joyous and happy, at last reached the far-famed bathing-pool, where the hot spring of Maikimikia welled out amongst the rocks on the shore. How refreshing it was to her cold, trembling limbs; how pleasant to rest on the fine yielding sand at the bottom, and feel the warm water gently play around her as she moved her hands to and fro in its welcome warmth. Now that her

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lover's music had ceased, she knew that he had returned to his hut, and she wondered how she should let him know she was on the island. She felt shy at the thought of thus meeting him, her heart's beloved. Now, that night, after playing his trumpet so long, Tutané felt very thirsty, so he sent his slave with a calabash to fetch some of the fresh, cold water out of the lake, near where Hinemoa was resting in the hot spring amongst the rocks. The maiden saw the slave look towards her bath, and not knowing him, she was afraid, so she asked, in a gruff voice like a man's, "For whom are you fetching water?" He replied, "It is for my master, Tutané." And she was glad when she heard this, and said, "Give me some cold water to drink." The slave gave her the gourd. The light of the moon was dim, and he did not see that it was a woman. Hinemoa took the calabash, and after drinking, let it fall upon the rocks, and it broke. Then the man was angry, and said, "Why did you break my master's calabash?" But Hinemoa did not answer a word. The slave went back to the hut for another calabash, and Tutané, seeing him return, said, "Where is the water I told you to fetch?" The slave told him the calabash was broken. His master said, "By whom was it broken?" The slave replied, "There is a man in the hot bath; he asked for some cold water to drink, and he broke it." And Tutané said, "Take another calabash, and fetch some water for me quickly."

The slave went a second time and again Hinemoa asked for a drink, saying she was still thirsty, and the slave handed her the calabash, and again she broke it on the rocks. So he went back to Tutané, and when he saw him again without water, he asked if the calabash were again broken.

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And the slave said yes—and told him the man in the bath had done it. And Tutané said, "I will go and see who this fellow is, who dares to treat me thus; I must punish him, or I shall die of anger," and he threw his mat around him, and, taking his club in his hand, he went down to the hot bath alone. He called out, "Who is it that dares to break my calabashes?" But no one answered. Now Hinemoa knew the voice of her lover and her heart beat fast with joy, but she hid coyly beneath the shelter of a large overhanging rock, and there lay quite still in the water whilst he searched. Tutané could see nothing clearly, for the light of the moon shone but faintly from beneath the drifting summer clouds. So he stooped down, and began to feel round the rocks where haply some one might be hiding. Hinemoa did not wish to be found at once; she felt shy at meeting Tutane, so she withdrew herself more into her hiding-place. After long searching, Tutané came close to where she was, and in passing his hand under the ledge, he felt another hand, and he clasped it tight and called out, "Ah! who is this hiding here?"

Hinemoa softly answered, "It is I."

"But tell me who you are," said Tutané, for he did not recognise her voice.

"It is I, Hinemoa, O Tutané." And she stepped out of her hiding-place, and "rose up in the water as beautiful as the wild hawk, and stepped upon the edge of the bath, as graceful as the shy white crane." Tutané welcomed her with warm words of love, and threw his mat over her and joyfully took to his hut as his wife the brave and beautiful maiden who had dared so much for his sake. The next morning, when the people of the island found that Hinemoa

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was indeed the wife of Tutané they were very glad. But his brothers were angry and could not believe she had crossed the lake to come to their despised younger brother Tutané, until they saw them coming hand in hand together from their hut. Meanwhile when the people of Hinemoa's tribe found her mat upon the rock where she had thrown it off, they told her father the great chief, that she must have crossed the lake to Tutané. He was very angry, but he did not go in pursuit of her.

So Hinemoa and Tutané lived happily together on their island home, and her husband sought by brave deeds and many gifts to show his great love to Hinemoa.

And many a Maori in these days tells the tale of the brave and beautiful Hinemoa, who swam across the lake of Rotorua to her lover on the fair island of Mokoia, where the soft water of the hot spring still wells out amongst the rocks, and is called Hinemoa's bath.

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Sina and Tuna the Eel God,

or The Origin of the Coco-Nut Tree

IT was early morning, and the golden beams of the rising sun were flooding the world with light. A maiden named Sina came out of her little hut to go for her morning bath in a favourite pool in the stream which ran through the bush to the sea. Not a breath of air was stirring; the green palms were motionless; jewel-like birds flitted lightly from flower to flower of the brilliant creepers which ran riot over the high trees; and the heat played tremulously on the yellow sands of the long, flat shore. Sina tripped lightly along the narrow path leading down to the place where the stream, after falling over steep rocks, lingered silently in a large deep basin in the shady gully. How cool the water looked in this her favourite bathing-place! It was hidden amidst a wealth of flowering shrubs and palms, and around the edge of the pool tiny mosses and delicate ferns crept over the moistened stones and fallen sticks. Sina was soon in the water, where she was as much at home as the sportive fish themselves. How delightful it was to swim in the clear depths and hear the singing

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waterfall near by! Again and again Sina dived from the mossy bank to come up where the flecks of sunshine played through overarching tree-ferns on her bronze skin and dark hair. Full of life and beautiful as the birds and flowers looked the maiden that summer morn, her soft lips red as the bright berries of her necklace. She laughed in the gladness of youth and beauty as she shook the sparkling drops from her dusky form and saw the trembling reflection of herself in the waters.

One more dive, thought Sina, and then she must be content to wait till after sunset for another swim. But, ah! what was that, so slimy and cold, which touched her limbs as she floated on the surface? Again something came close to her, but she was not frightened, for it was a gentle and even caressing touch which she felt. Looking down in the pool she saw a large eel beside her. For a second it gazed lingeringly at Sina and then glided slowly away and disappeared between two large rocks. Sina wondered that she had not seen the eel before, and was not sure that she liked this unexpected inhabitant of her bathing-place. Many a time after that she saw the eel's dark eyes watching her from between the rocks, and sometimes she again felt the gentle touch as it glided near to her limbs. At last she felt no fear of her strange visitor but rather welcomed its companionship.

One evening the daylight had nearly gone and the new moon faintly shone through the quickly gathering shades of night. Sina had been enjoying her swim as usual, and was resting on a rock where the spray of the waterfall above the pool fell over her like a silvery veil. How musical was the sound of the water! How pleasant the shower of the

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cool drops! So thought Sina, and she lingered for a last moment or two. As she was gazing dreamily before her she saw her friend the eel rise slowly to the surface of the water, and, raising its head, it began to speak to Sina in a low, pleasant voice. By this time Sina had got accustomed to the strange ways of the eel, so she was not really astonished when it spoke to her. She remained still and gazed fascinated from beneath her watery veil, as the eel said:

"Sina, you need not fear me; I am Tuna, the god of fresh-water eels."

As he spoke these words Sina no longer saw an eel before her, but a handsome youth, tall and lithe of form, and of a sweet countenance. And the dark eyes of the eel looked at her still, but larger and more beautiful.

"I love thee, Sina; for I have often watched thee from my dark home under the rocks, and thou art fair unto mine eyes. I have come to seek thy love; wilt thou now be mine?"

So with sweet words Tuna wooed the beautiful maiden, and many a day he met her in his human form, and they two wandered in the deep recesses of the forest, swam in the cool stream, or spoke winged words of love beneath the palms. But after Tuna had said good-bye to Sina he always returned again to his eel shape, and sought his home beneath the waters, while Sina, in the gladness of her heart, often lifted up her voice in sweet song as she went back to her little home by the sea. Thus passed the happy summer days for the two lovers. At last the season of the heavy rains began, and the waters of the stream fought and swirled as they hurried down the gully. The pool was

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no longer tempting, but became murky, and fallen leaves and broken sticks were swept down and floated on its surface. One day, when both earth and sky looked gloomy, and even the warm winds were rough, Sina met Tuna in the forest, and she ran to him with outstretched hands; he did not greet her with happy words as he was wont to do, but looked so sad at heart that Sina implored him to tell her what misfortune had befallen him.

"Alas! Sina, my heart is holden in misery; even the sight of thy sweet face cheers me not; I have but sad words to give thee. No longer shall I have the solace of thy love, for a great danger threatens, which I alone can turn from thee, and to save thee we must part." So spoke Tuna, and his face darkened with the shadow of his sorrow, even as the face of troubled waters darkens beneath the clouds of night. And again he sighed in a low, sad voice, "We must part."

"Part!" echoed Sina. "Ah, do not leave me, Tuna; take me with thee where thou goest;" and she threw her arms around her lover, and clung closely to him.

But Tuna seemed scarcely to hear her words, so great was the agony of the farewell which he knew must be. "I cannot take thee with me, Sina. The gods deny to me the gift of thy sweet presence. But when I go I shall leave thee a great gift as a remembrance of my love. See! the tree-tops sway beneath the rising storm, the heavens above us darken! Ere long a mighty hurricane will burst over your island home, and the rush of swift rising waters threaten all with destruction. But trust in me, Sina; do as I implore thee, and my love shall save thee."

So spoke Tuna as he held her close to him, while the

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moan of the wind amidst the palms, and the sharp cries of the wheeling sea-birds mingled with the sound of his voice, now harsh with pain. Sina could not speak, only the trembling of her form told what sorrow filled her soul. She could not even weep, so great was her pain.

"Do not fear, Sina," continued Tuna. "When the early dawn doth come, when the storm waves lash in fury on the beach, and the swollen streams rush from the hills, as the waters rise near to thy dwelling, they will bring me to thee. As the eel-god shall I come, and when the flood reaches the threshold of thy door, it will bear me to thine aid. Low on thy threshold shall I lay my head, and thine must be the hand to take my life."

"I cannot, my love, I cannot," moaned the girl; "do not ask that of me. Better to perish in the floods than to take thy life."

"Nay, Sina do not say thou canst not; it is my love which I thus offer thee; thou must not say me nay. The great gods have willed that under thine axe my head shall fall, and sweet will it be so to end my mortal life for thee. Thus shall the waters be stayed, and thou shalt be saved. Afterwards, Sina, take my head and bury it; visit the spot each day, and in time thou shalt know what gift I have left as a remembrance of my exceeding love for thee."

Thus speaking, Tuna tenderly bade Sina good-bye, unloosed her clinging arms, and vanished from her sight.

Utterly bewildered and overcome, Sina went home. That night she could not sleep, she listened to the roar of the hurricane, and the furious beating of the waves on the shore, and she thought of her lover's words and of his strange command. In the morning when Sina looked out

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she saw that the floods were indeed great. The taro-

patches round the hut were covered, and mighty streams were rushing down from the heights. And Sina remembered

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the words of her lover, for as she watched the rapidly rising waters she saw the eel borne upon them to her. Right to the wooden threshold was it swept, and there laid its head down before Sina, and looked at her imploringly. The girl fetched her axe very reluctantly, and raised it tremblingly, but still hesitated to strike, for how could she slay her lover? But again she seemed to listen to Tuna's commands, as she heard the roar of the floods and saw the eel's pleading look, and she felt for his great love's sake that she must obey. Quickly raising the axe, Sina with one blow cut off the eel's head. No sooner had she done this than the floods began to go down, and Sina saw that a large volume of water was disappearing through the very hole amongst the rocks where Tuna the eel-god once had his home. Then Sina knew it was indeed her lover who had saved her. Sad at heart, she took the head of the eel and buried it near the sea-shore, and she visited the place every day, and wept as she thought of Tuna, who had given his life for hers. One day when she went to the spot, she was astonished to see two tiny shoots coming up through the sand. As they grew larger she saw that they were quite different from those of any other young plant she had ever seen. She watched and wondered at its growth. The two shoots grew up into two tall stately palms, having each a crown of beautiful large leaves, different in texture and shape from all others. As the weeks passed by Sina still went day by day to watch the trees. First she saw the sweet flowers come, and then the strange fruit formed. Thus were the two kinds of cocoa-nut trees first known to the dwellers on the islands of the

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fair Pacific, and they were held sacred to their two gods Tangaroa and Rongo.

When the fruit was unhusked Sina saw indeed that the trees had sprung from Tuna's head, for on each nut were marked the dark eyes and the mouth of her lover, and she knew now the value of the precious gift he had left her. For is not the coco-nut tree a blessing in all the lands where it grows? And the people are grateful to Sina's lover, and they call the white kernel "the brains of Tuna."

Many wooed the fair Sina, but she was faithful to her young lover Tuna, who had given his life for hers; and as she sat day after day under the coco-nut trees that grew from his grave she dreamed of the happy hours they had once had together. She knew that his love still surrounded her, for the leaves which waved overhead sheltered her from the hot sun; of their fibre she could plait baskets and mats for her daily use, and the sweet fruit gave her both drink and food. And now when the fisherman of Sina's isle goes forth at night he fears not to cross the bar of rolling surf; for does not his coco-nut leaf god, blessed by the priest and placed in the bow of his canoe, guard him from all the perils of the deep?

And as the long years passed by Sina never forgot Tuna, and his dark eyes always gazed at her when with gentle fingers she unhusked the coco-nuts.

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The Twins, or the Double Star in Scorpion

ONCE upon a time there were two children who lived on one of the fair Pacific isles. They were twins, a boy and a girl, and were much beloved by their father, but their mother was far from kind to them. The children were very fond of each other, and spent long days playing on the sands or in the warm sea, swimming or racing ashore upon surf-boards on the tops of the long, rolling waves. When his sister was hot and tired the boy climbed the tall coco-nut trees to get her the refreshing milk of the green fruit, or the two would wander far into the woods and rest happy and free. They were never apart, and the tribe called them the Inseparables.

One evening their mother said: "Children, I am going torch-fishing on the reef. I shall not be home till late. Go to sleep when it is dark."

"Very well, mother," replied they, "but we have no supper; we could not catch any fish to-day. Will you give us something before you go?"

"I have no supper to give you. You must find some for yourselves," replied their mother, impatiently.

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"We are too tired to climb for coco-nuts, mother, and we do not know where to get anything else to-night. It is late. If we go to bed, will you give us some fish when you come back? We are so hungry, mother," said the children.

"The fish I bring home will not be cooked," said their mother. "Do not trouble me about your supper. Get out of my way; you are idle children."

"But you will cook some fish for your own and father's supper. Please wake us up and give us some," pleaded the little ones. And their mother at last answered, crossly:

"Perhaps I will; but get me my coco-nut torch and spear and let me go."

By midnight the woman had caught plenty of fish, so she returned home and waked her husband, and they cooked some for their meal. The father wanted to rouse the little sleepers, but their mother said, "They will do very well without any supper; they are troublesome little brats, and are always asking for something, and taking up my time."

"Then put some fish in their baskets ready for them to eat when they wake in the morning," said the father. In that island it was the custom for each one of the household to sleep with small food baskets, made of green leaves and reeds, by their side. The mother very reluctantly put some fish into the children's basket, grumbling all the time. Now the children had been awake, and had heard their mother's unkind talk. And they wept silently and bitterly in their grass beds in the corner of the hut.

When the children knew by their parents' breathing that

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they were asleep, the little girl whispered to her brother, "Let us run away. Mother does not love us."

"Father does, and he wants us here," replied the boy. "Yes, but father is often away for long moons with the other braves. Mother is nearly always at home, and she beats me often, and says I am always in her way," sobbed the girl.

"But where shall we go?" asked the boy; "they will soon find us on this island."

"I have heard," whispered the little girl, "that there is a way through the deep waters to a beautiful land. Let us go and look for it."

At last the boy consented, and the two took their flax baskets and slipped out very quietly. "We must not make a noise, and so bring back our parent's life-spirit hurriedly from the clouds. That would be very unlucky for all of us," said the boy.

"How is that, brother?" asked the girl.

"When the moon was new, I listened to the words of the soothsayer as he taught the people wisdom," replied the boy.

"Do our life-spirits always go so far away when we sleep?" asked the girl, in tones of awe.

"Not always, dear sister, but the soft cloud is the spirit-mother. When she wills it, the life-spirit must go to the sky to her. She loves not that the spirit should return to the body till she wishes it to wake."

"It is a long, long way to go," murmured the girl dreamily, as she gazed up into the heavens, where filmy summer clouds lingered.

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AND THE BOY SAT DOWN BESIDE HER AND WEPT ALSO.

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Hand in hand the twins scrambled down the rough track to the shore; there they sat down, and began to eat their fish. They were unhappy, but they were very hungry, and the long curling waves looked so pretty under the light of the big shining stars that they enjoyed their food.

"Where shall we go to, dear sister?" said the boy, the meal being finished.

The girl's little dark face was thoughtful as she replied in a low voice, "Let us go to the rocks yonder, where the water is deep and clear, and see if we can find the path through them to that beautiful far-off land."

"Very well," said the boy, "though I do not think we shall find it. I have often fished off those rocks, and I have never seen any way through the waters. Besides, I do not want to go down to the deep-sea caverns; they are full of monsters (taniwhas) that seize mortals and hold them fast in the depths. I do not see how we can leave the island, sister. The canoe is too high up on the beach, and too heavy for us to pull down to the sea, and if we hide in the woods we shall soon be found." So spoke the boy as they walked to the rocks.

"Thy words are true, brother," at last said the girl; "the waters are dark, and I see no path." And she turned sadly away, and sat down on a low rock, sobbing loudly.

The boy stood silent, for he was troubled. Then he sat down beside her, and, for very sympathy, wept also. And their tears fell into the hollows of the dark rocks, and made two small bright pools. After a little while the violence of the girl's grief passed away. Glancing down, she noticed

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the two shining pools, and wondered at their brilliancy. She looked upwards, and there saw that a beautiful star was shining straight down on them.

"O dear brother," cried the girl, with a glad cry, "I know what we will do. We will go far, far away up to the sky. We shall be no more trouble to mother there, and we can still look on our kind father. The gods will help us if we want to go to them," continued the girl in her sweet, low voice.

"Yes that is right; we will go to the heavens," replied the boy in determined tones. "We shall meet our ancestors there, the great warriors who have been killed in battle. That must be a chief's eye, sister, which is shining on our tears. I know the spirits of the mighty chiefs watch over their tribe. We will go to the sky," and the boy's heart beat with high resolve and daring. He had not quite liked the idea of running away or hiding from his father. But to go and join the great warriors! That was a different thing.

"How beautiful the deep blue sky is, brother! I can see more and more stars, farther and farther away, every minute that I look. Perhaps those small bright ones are the little children up there running to meet us! I wonder if the gods will let us be two stars. If they do, we will ask always to be close together, dear brother. I should be lonely, even up in the heavens without you." So spake the little maiden.

Her brother scarcely heeded her words but sat looking upwards. At last in a decided voice he rose and said: "Take tight hold of my girdle, sister. We will leap up into the heavens now," and he turned towards the water, in

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which they had looked in vain for the pathway to the far off beautiful land, then with face upheld to the stars, he leaped up with his sister into the sky.

And the gods had pity on the two unhappy children who loved each other so much, and changed them into two brilliant stars remain ever close to each other. And men seeing them ever side by side, call them "the double star."

When the rosy-fingered dawn wakened the earth to her smiles, the life spirits of the father and mother returned from the clouds to their bodies. And when they opened their eyes they noticed that the children's beds of scented grass were empty. The mother felt them, and finding they were quite cold, knew they must have left the hut a long while. Her heart was filled with fear, for she remembered her harsh words to the children. When her husband ran down to the shore she followed him, and they traced the twins' footsteps to their favourite playing place on the sands, and thence to the rocks near by. There they found the empty flax baskets and they saw the two pools on the dry rock, and they said, "These are their tears."

But for the parents no brightness shone on the little pools. Then the mother no longer remembered that she had ever found the children troublesome, and she raised a bitter cry. "Alas, alas, where have you gone? Come back to me. Come back, O my children."

"Let us go to look for them," said her husband, "they may have gone inland." But his heart was heavy, for they had left their flax baskets. So the parents wandered about the island all day, calling ever and anon in loud tones, "Children where are you?" but no children replied. Only

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the cries of the sea birds broke the silence and seemed to mock them. When the last rays of sunset had flashed across the sea, the sorrowing parents turned homewards. As they neared the hut, hope once again filled the mother's heart. Perhaps they were in it, surely they would be hungry by night time, and come home. But no tired faces greeted them, no little voices pleaded for supper. All was still, and dark, and silent. And the mother sat down by the little empty grass beds and rocked herself, and moaned in the bitterness of her soul. The father said no word of reproach, but stood at the door of the hut, his heart dead within him, his eyes searching the darkness in silent despair. But why did he utter that cry of joy as he turned his eyes heavenwards ? "My children, my children!" There overhead were two new stars shining close together and beautiful. He knew they were his children looking down at him. And his heart was comforted. Taking hold of his wife, he drew her outside the dwelling, and pointing upwards said, "There are our children! We will go to them in the heavens."

"Yes we will go to them," sobbed his wife, and taking hold of each other's hands they leaped into the heavens.

When the twins saw their parents coming, they were afraid of their anger. They did not want to be taken back to the earth ; they were very happy shining up in the deep blue sky.

"Let us get away, brother," said the girl. "Mother will say we are in her way even up here." And the two sped on.

When the parents reached the sky, the gods turned them into stars, and they followed the children through the

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cloudless vault. But they could never overtake them The father and mother are the two large stars in Scorpio, and the twins are the Double Star in that constellation.

And on for ever go the twin-stars, side by side, kept close together by their great love. And on go the parent-stars after them.

So, for ever in sight—for ever apart, the four pursue their ceaseless courses through countless ages.

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Tereté, the Boy in the Moon

"I WANT the moon! I want the moon!"

Such was the frequent cry of a little boy named Tereté, who lived on an island where coco-nut trees fringed the shining beach, on which the gentle waves curled with a pleasant murmur. And bright flowers bloomed on that isle, and birds with glittering plumage filled the woods, and many-coloured fishes played in the clear water inside the coral reef. Yet little Tereté was discontented, and was constantly crying for something or other. His sister was a kind-hearted girl, and in order to please him she often gave him dainties, the steamed kernels of fruits, or the warmed milk of the coco-nut. Still Tereté was nearly always grumbling, in fact, the only time when he seemed really happy was when he could see the moon shining in the sky. Then he loved to be out in the soft summer nights, and he dried his eyes and sung merrily.

One day when Tereté's father came back from fishing, he found the boy moping by himself under a tree, looking more miserable than usual, and he said to him, "What a silly boy you are Tereté, not to be happy as the day is long. See how the sun shines and the flowers open their bright

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blossoms. There are plenty of good fruits round you, and you have nothing to do but sit in the sun, play on the sands, or fish off the rocks all day. What more do you want?"

"I want the moon, father. Oh, the moon! The moon!" And Tereté's voice rose higher and higher as he wept bitterly. His father looked at him wonderingly, and then said:

"Well, my boy, I cannot get you the moon, nor can I make it always shine. But if you will come with me to-night in my canoe I will take you to the moon. Then, perhaps, you will be happy."

"O thank you, father, thank you," said Tereté joyfully, and he dried his tears and amused himself all day decorating the canoe with white shells and flowering creepers, making it look pretty for the voyage to the moon.

His brothers were astonished to see him so happily employed, and said to each other, "Where are Tereté's tears to-day? How is it that he is not crying his heart out for the moon?"

But Tereté's sister was sad and said nothing, for she knew why.

At last the evening came, and the sun's last rays flashed across the level sea. Then quickly all was dark. Before beginning supper Tereté's father poured out a libation to the gods. Then he blew up the little fire of coco-nut leaves, and said:

"This fire is for you, O ye gods. Let no evil thing befall us."

Thus prayed he in order to propitiate the gods for his boy's voyage to the moon.

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Then the father and children sat down cross-legged, as was the custom, to their evening meal. When it was finished Tereté's father said, "Now, my child, we must go, for darkness covers the land and sea." When Tereté looked out into the night he could not help crying a little, but his father smiled and said, "The moon will soon be up, and will dry your tears, my boy. Come let us start, for we must get to the edge of the ocean by the time the moon rises, so that I can give you to him."

His sister gave Tereté a last drink of warm coco-nut milk, and then, sad at heart, took her little brother's hand, and they all went down to the shore together. Tereté's spirits soon rose, for the stars were flashing out one by one, and luminous points of light gleamed everywhere on the wet sand and in the breaking water, as though the lights of myriad tiny fire-flies were entangled in the waves. And the flowers that decorated the canoe gave out sweet scents as some of Tereté's playfellows and his brothers crushed them in their hands when they pulled the canoe down to the water. Then, as Tereté and his father left the shore, bright careless voices called out: "Good-bye, Tereté, good-bye! Come back soon and tell us what the moon is like."

But his sister said nothing. She knew he would never come back, and, her dark eyes full of tears, she watched the canoe till it was but a blot on the waters. She saw the moon rise, then she went back to her bed of leaves in the little hut, but sleep that night was far from her.

Little Tereté sat silent in the canoe. His father had put up the coco-nut-mat sail to catch the rising breeze, and they were speeding over the waters. Soon the island shore

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was lost in the distance. After a while the father said:

"I suppose you still wish to go to the moon, my son?" for he had noticed how quiet the boy was.

Tereté did not reply; only the gurgle of the waters was heard against the prow of the canoe as they sailed on.

"We can still go back if you wish," continued his father; "but if I give you to the moon you will never come back. Will you not be happy with us on our island home? You are dear unto us, O my son."

But Tereté answered not; he had heard what his father said, but his heart was full. He almost wished to go back, but he did not like to say so. The moonland was a long way off, and perhaps the moon would not look so nice when he got there as it did from the earth. But if he returned his companions would laugh at him, and there would be the heat and the glare of the sun, and then, what untold delights might be in the soft light of the unknown moonland. So thought Tereté. And all the time they were sailing on and on to the edge of the sea.

When the bright rim of the full moon rose above the gently moving waves, and the soft rays began to spread out into a stretch of dancing light, Tereté cried joyfully:

"The moon! the moon!" and he forgot all about his home and his sister and brothers as he stretched out his arms to the fast rising moon.

"Come!" said his father, "come!" and he lifted Tereté in his arms and placed him on the moon; and he said, "Good-bye, my boy, good-bye."

But Tereté scarcely heard his words, so wrapt was he in delight of the moon's beauty; and the boy's face shone

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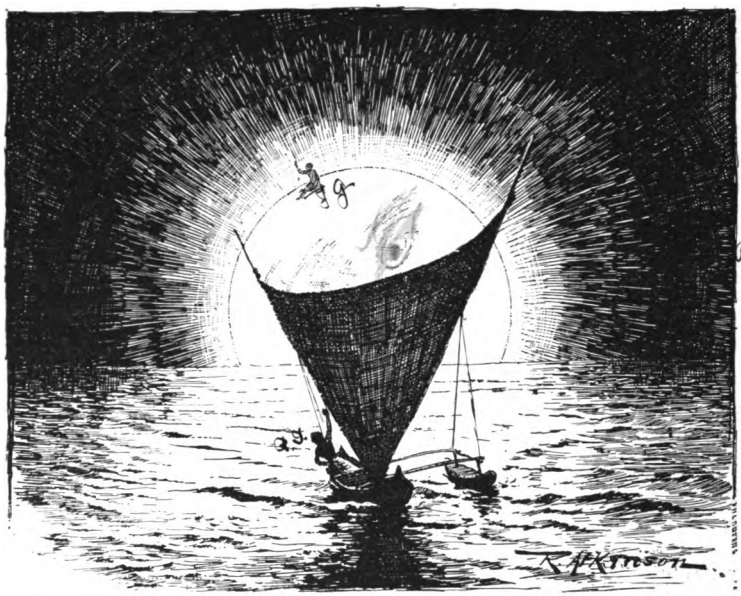
with an unearthly brightness as he was borne aloft. Once only as his eyes rested for a second on the departing canoe did he sigh dreamily, "Good-bye, father."



Away sailed the moon with the boy far into the heights of the summer sky. Away sailed his father's boat, looking like a dark sea-bird on the waters below.

Little Tereté never came back to his island home, though on bright moonlight nights his sister would go down to the shore and, stretching out her hands, prayed: "O moon, give him back to me; give back my little brother!" But no answering voice came from the moon or child to cheer her heart.

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The islanders say that on clear nights they can still see the boy sitting in the moon; for there death enters not; all stays for ever bright and fair.

The people now call Tereté "the child of the moon," and when the new moon comes they salute it and say:

"O child of the moon! we rejoice that you have come."

And before going on any war expedition the warriors may be heard chanting these words:

O child of the moon,
Our pathway make clear,
In hours of dark danger
Let thy light be near.
Fill the hollows with brightness
Till night is as day,
And with sure-footed lightness
We speed on our way.

Whether little Tereté is happy we cannot tell.

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Rata's Revenge, the Tale of the First Greenstone Axe

IN ancient times a woman and her little son, called Rata, lived in a lonely hut near the shores of a large lake. Behind their dwelling great evergreen forests stretched away to the foot of the hills and up to their very summits, and so dense was the foliage that the sun's rays scarcely reached the thick undergrowth of luxuriant shrubs and ferns. Few flowers brightened the dusky depths, but the tops of the trees blazed from time to time with masses of rich coloured bloom. No continuous melody of song-birds fell on the ear, only now and again the short notes of the bell-bird or coo of the pigeon broke the silence. Amid the groups of mighty Kauri-pine trees, towering in long aisles, like temple columns, or in the open scrub, the giant wingless bird, the Moa, lazily stalked, feeding on tender shoots and young fern-stems. There was but little excitement for Rata in hunting these birds for food, for they were so sluggish in their habits that they were easily caught. Rata was strong and fearless; he loved to push his way through the tangle of thorny creepers and supple-jacks hanging like

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ropes amongst the trees in the depths of the forest, and he spent long days catching eels in the quiet pools of the streams hidden in deep gullies, or snaring the wild fowl in their leafy haunts. At night he would fearlessly seek the haunts of the featherless kiwi in the deep thickets, listening for their gruntings as they came out of their holes in search of insects, or watch them snorting out challenges to their rivals, and engaging in bloody fights until one or other was spurred to the death. Rata only dreaded the children of the Moko-moko, the lizard-god, and if any of the big white-spined lizards crossed his path, he turned away with a shudder—their presence might bring illness and bad luck. Rata's mother brought him up with care, and he often joined the boys of the village in the next bay in their games and feats of strength. The tohunga (priest) instructed him in all religious rites and ceremonies. Thus the boy grew up strong of limb and brave of heart, and wise in all that it befitted a future chief to know.

Now Rata often wondered who his father was, and whether he was still living, for his mother never spoke of him. One day Rata said to her, "Tell me who my father is, and where he lives, for I would see him."

But his mother would tell him nothing. She only said, "You are but a boy," and went into her hut and shut the door.

So Rata waited until he had grown to manhood; then he again said to his mother, "Tell me who my father is, and where he lives."

She replied carelessly, "He may be far inland, or he may be far over the sea."

This made Rata angry, and he said, "Do you not see

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that I want to know about my father; why will you not tell me? I am now a man, and no longer to be trifled with. If any evil thing has happened to my father it is my duty to seek revenge; if you will not tell me what I want to know, I must ask others."

At length his mother replied, "He was killed."

"Who killed him, and why?" asked Rata.

"It was before you were born, Rata. I wanted some tuis (parson-birds) and your father went to get them for me. He was seized and killed by one of our enemies, a great chief called Makutu. Then I came here in sorrow, and lived apart from all others, and I have but you, O my son."

"I must revenge my father's death," said Rata. "Where is the land of the great chief, Makutu?" His mother replied, "It is far away, my son. Where the sun comes up beyond the edge of the ocean, there is the land of Makutu. Wilt thou too go away and leave me desolate?" But Rata replied, "I shall make a strong canoe and go there. I must revenge my father's death, and bring back his bones to his own land." His mother was proud of his courage, yet she urged, "You have no axe strong enough to cut down a giant tree to make a canoe strong enough to go over the sea." "I shall get one," replied Rata; "I know where to go," and he started at once on his journey. He went through the forest and over the high hills to a misty plain beyond, called "Water-of-the-clouds," where lived a being named Kahué. Rata said to him, "O friend, I have heard that you have a very hard stone for axes. Will you be kind to me and get me an axe which will cut down a mighty tree? I want to make a big canoe in which to go over the

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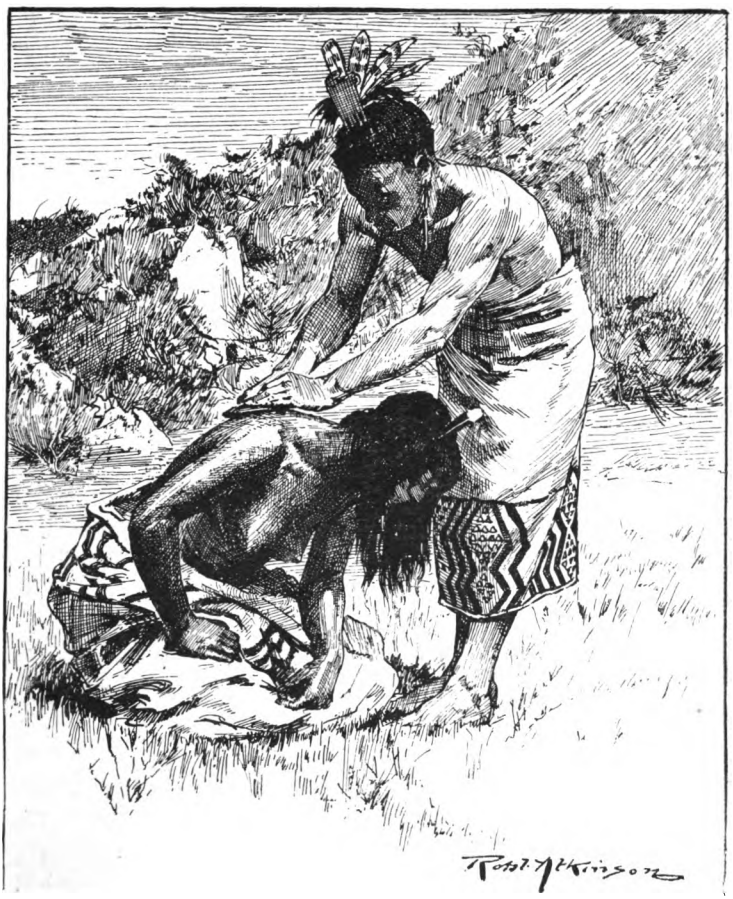
sea to revenge my father's death and bring back his bones to his own lands." So spake Rata, and Kahué's heart was stirred at the words of the brave youth, and he replied,

"It is good, O young man. I will break a stone for a strong axe for you."



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And he broke a slab of the green jade, which is harder than any other stone, and shaped an axe out of it with much skill and labour. But it was not sharp, so when he gave it to Rata he said, "On your way home you must visit your ancestress the goddess, called 'The Whetstone-maiden,' and you must sharpen this on her backbone."

Rata was very pleased with the greenstone axe, and he thanked the old man and started on his way to the land of the Whetstone-maiden. When after much journeying he reached the Whetstone-maiden he prayed her to let him sharpen his axe on her backbone; and she, hearing his tale, bent down and allowed him to do so till it had an edge both bright and keen.

Then Rata returned to his mother and showed her the axe which he had brought back, and he fixed a handle and lashed it on fast and strong. Then he went into the deep forest to choose a tree out of which to fashion his canoe. On his way he came across a white heron and a large lizard fighting. The bird was very exhausted, and cried to Rata for help, but he thought of the dreaded powers of the lizard-god and went not near. Then the heron cried out, "You will not finish your canoe without my help," but Rata passed on unheeding. After much deliberation Rata chose a tall, straight pine as being the best for his canoe Now the trees are the children of Tané, the great god of light and of the forests, and before a tree is begun to be cut down, incantations ought to be said and offerings made to him. But Rata neglected to do this, nor did he rub his axe with the sweet fern-root, which is the rite due to the god who has placed the fern around the feet of his children the trees. Therefore the Hakuturi, the wood-spirits, the

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birds and the insects which lived in the tree, were angry and they sang:

Wide, wide the sacred chips now fly,
And scattered fall to earth. But soon
Together drawn each chip shall rise.
And silvered by the rising moon
And raised on high again shall be,
The stately crest of Tané's tree.

But the blows of Rata's axe fell so thick and fast, that the forest rang with the noise, and he heard not the voices that sang. Before the sun set, the great pine was laid low, and Rata went back to his dwelling. The next day when he was returning to his work, he saw that the heron and the lizard were still fighting. Again the heron called for help. But the lizard called out, "Do not meddle with us Rata, it is only a trial of strength." So Rata passed on his way and heeded not the bird's prayer.

When he arrived at the forest he was greatly astonished to see the giant pine standing again in its place, green and strong, as though it had never been cut down. Then Rata remembered the heron's words, and he went back to see if the bird and the lizard were still fighting. Dared he brave the moko-moko, the lizard-god, and help the heron? He found the beautiful bird nearly exhausted, and the lizard was just about to make one final grip at it. Rata hesitated no longer, but rushed forward and cut off its head with his greenstone axe. Now illness and bad luck would fly from his path! The lizard was dead.

The heron with difficulty flew onwards after Rata, but when he began again to fell the white-pine, it rested in the crest of a tree-fern and watched Rata at work. By the

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time the sun set, Rata had once more nearly cut down the tree, and the quick strong blows of his axe again drowned the voices of the wood-spirits and of the little birds and insects in the branches, who as the chips fell thick and fast sang :

Wide, wide the sacred chips now fly,
And scattered fall to earth. But soon
Together drawn each chip shall rise.
And silvered by the rising moon
And raised on high, again shall be
The stately crest of Tané's tree.

Soon the last blow was struck, and the forest giant with a mighty crash lay low. Rata gazed on his work with delight, and there was silence in the deep forest, till the little birds' soft voices were again heard singing their chorus :

And raised on high again shall be
The stately crest of Tané's tree,

And Rata listened and wondered, as he saw numberless birds and insects come out of their hiding places, and begin to collect the chips together. Rata was wroth at this, and he called to the heron, " Come and help me O king of birds." Rata tried to frighten the birds and insects away, but they would not go, and some of the trees were so astonished that Rata should thus dare to treat the offspring of the gods, that some of them, particularly the weeping Karea, and the Ponga, or tree-fern, hung down their leafy heads in shame, and do so to this day. Then said the heron, " By what right did you fell a tree without first making an offering to Tané, who is the father of the forests, and without touching your axe, according to the ancient custom, with the fern-root which he has placed round the feet of his children

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the trees?" Thus spake the heron, and the wood-spirits and the birds said, "Even thus, O Rata, hast thou sinned."

Then Rata was overcome with shame at his presumption and forgetfulness, and he said, "Surely I will speak the words of truth." And he told them why he had cut down the tree, even to make a canoe to go and revenge his father's death, but he added, "It was wrong of me to forget the dues of the mighty god Tané, the father of the forests. On me falls a great cloud of sorrow; I plead for pardon;" and Rata looked in shame upon the giant pine which he had laid low. When the wood-spirits, the birds, and insects heard Rata's words of sorrow, they sang:

Rata, seek again thy home,
To thine aid we all will come,
And hollow out the sacred tree
That Tané now doth gift to thee.

And Rata turned away and went to his dwelling by the sea. But he spoke no word to his mother of all that had happened.

No sooner had Rata disappeared amongst the thick trees than the birds came from all parts to help in the making of his canoe. The strong birds pecked at the trunk with their beaks till they shaped and hollowed out the canoe, the little birds and insects carried away the chips. The sea-birds bored the holes with their long beaks, and inlaid the wood with pearl lining of shells; whilst the swamp-birds fetched the flax with which to lash on the side-boards, and to fix the bow and the stern. Many hours did they all work, and the dawn was fast breaking before the canoe was finished.

The next morning Rata hastened to the place where he

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had left the tree-trunk lying, and great was his delight when he saw the finished canoe. It was so large and strong that he could not drag it down to the sea alone. So he went to the village in the next bay, and asked the people to come and help him. But the canoe was too heavy and too far in the deep forest for them to drag it to the sea. Then they cried to the gods for help, and the gods sent floods of water, which carried the canoe to the shore. And all the people shouted with delight, and they called the canoe, Niwaru, Great Joy. They were glad that Rata was going to revenge his father's death, for he had been one of their great chiefs. When night came they assembled and danced the great war dance, and the tohunga (priest) consulted the omens, and they were favourable to their undertaking. There was also a bright star near to the moon, and that sign foretold success. So the warriors were eager to start with Rata for the land where lived the slayer of his father.

In the morning the canoe was gaily decked with the feathers of sea-birds and the scarlet blossoms of the white pine. Long and loud was the shouting as the war-party entered the canoe and, taking their paddles, started for the land of Makutu. Many days they traversed the deep. Then came they near to the land of the Ponaturi—a race of fairies who live where the sun rises. They keep in dark regions under the water during the day, and return to the earth only when the sun sets, for if the sunlight fall on them it is fatal. Hither had the canoe of Rata been borne by the long waves, for it was the Ponaturi who had carried off the bones of Rata's father to this land by command of Makutu, who lived there.

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Rata knew not this, but as he and his men approached the land, they heard a strange rattling noise.

"What is that noise?" asked one of the men.

"The bones of my father are rattling a welcome to my coming," replied Rata, "and they cry, 'Pull! pull!' So pull hard, my men."

Thereat they all pulled hard, and the canoe darted forward on the crest of the waves. As they reached the shore and landed, the bones rattled again.

"Makutu's dwelling must be near, my friends," said Ratu; "stealthily will we move on, so that we may surprise him."

And they crept up between some rocks till they gained the shelter of a wood; and on the rocks were many sea-birds, and many birds roosted in the trees, but they made no stir at the coming of Rata and his men. The bones rattled more and more loudly as they followed in the direction from which the sound came. And soon they reached an open space where a woman was at work, and near to her was the mouth of a cave, about which trailed a strong creeper, and the mouth of the cave was lighted by the last rays of the sun; but within was only deep darkness. The bones had now ceased to rattle, so Rata knew this must be the dwelling-place of Makutu. When the woman turned and saw the men, she cried, "Who are you that dare thus to come to the dwelling of Makutu?"

And Rata replied, "Thou makest question of our coming, but listen to my saying." Then spake he and told her all; and when she had heard his tale, she said, "I am glad that you have come, for Makutu killed my husband, and keeps me here to work for himself. I, too, would have revenge."

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"Where is Makutu?" asked Rata.

"He is down below the sea," replied the woman, "where the sun never shines. He will come up through that hole when the sun sets," and she pointed to the dark cave.

"How can we best catch him?" asked Rata.

"Make a strong noose of those creepers," said she, "and place it over the entrance of the cave. Then hide yourselves, and when Makutu comes, pull the noose tight round his neck. He is very powerful, but thus can you catch him and kill him." Then they did as she told them, and hid themselves in the low scrub near by. And the sun sank, and darkness came on the land. They heard Makutu coming, and the ground trembled with the weight of his steps. He was carrying a large load of human flesh which he had brought back with him to eat. As he came near the entrance of the cave, he seemed to think there was something wrong, for he sniffed the air, and said, "Who is here? I smell a man. I smell many men."

"No, no. It is all right," said the woman. And Makutu came on. When Rata and his men, by the light of the stars, saw him come out of the cave with his head bent down with the weight of the load on his back, they pulled the noose tight round his neck, and he was held fast. Makutu tried to shout, but the noose choked him; he struggled hard, but could not escape. The men then cut off his arms, and when, by some chance, the noose was loosened a little, Makutu cried, "You cannot kill me." Then they cut off his head, thinking that would be the end of him, but, by help of the magic power which he had gained in the land of the Ponaturi, Makutu turned himself into a bird, even into a bittern, and flew away screeching.

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So Makutu remained a bittern, and thus Rata revenged his father's death, and the people of Rata's land call the bitterns Makutus to this day.

Again the bones of Rata's father rattled loud and long, and Rata and his men lighted torches, and, guided by the sound, they found them in a cave where they had been kept to help Makutu in his magic arts. After Rata had gathered them all together carefully, he placed them in his canoe, and they rattled no more.

Then Rata and his men started back across the sea for their own land.

When Rata's mother and the inhabitants of the village saw Rata's canoe returning safe, they decorated themselves with the feathers of birds and the scarlet-blossoms of forest trees, and painted their faces red and blue, and rushed to meet the victorious war-party, shouting loudly, "Haeré mai! Haeré mai!" (Welcome! Welcome!) Rata told them what he had done, and they danced the dance of welcome, making wonderful grimaces and slapping their breasts, singing a monotonous chant. When the dance was ended, and some of the principal warriors took the bones of their chief, which had been rescued from Makutu, down to the river and washed them, and scraped them carefully with mussel-shells, and powdered them over with the red earth of mourning, and placed them on a mat. And those who had thus handled the bones, and sat near as watchers, were tapu, or sacred, and might not be touched. Then the tangi, or lamentations, over the bones of Rata's father began. Great quantities of food and drink were collected, and the people squatted on the ground, and with heads close to each other they rubbed noses together

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till the tears streamed down their faces, wailing bitterly as they did so. Many mourners, both men and women, sang loudly, and, at the same time, cut themselves severely on the face, breast, and arms with shells or sharp flints. Then they refreshed themselves with food and rubbed noses and wailed again and again. Some food was put before the watchers by the bones, who had to kneel down and get it as they could, for they might not eat of the food if they touched it with their hands. And the noise of the lamentations waxed greater and greater, and the people cut themselves more and more till the blood streamed down as they chanted the warlike actions of their chief in days gone by. "Why were you taken from us, O mighty chief? Why were we not killed instead of you?" So sang the warriors. Then prayers were offered up to the chief who, having gone to the heavens, had become the protecting deity of the tribe. And they said, "O chief, look down upon us now thou art become our protecting deity. Do not forget to avenge thyself for all insults received whilst on earth from thy enemies. Give thy tribe plentiful crops and good fortune in war for the days to come."

And the people did not forget to utter special requests for themselves. "Help me to get back the head of my son from the enemy who slew him and carried it away in triumph to his village. Let not such disgrace rest on my old age!" Thus sang a grey-haired warrior. One man asked that he might have a good marriage; another that his first wife's jealous feelings against his other wives might be changed; another that the thief who had stolen his birds potted in fat for winter use might have his head

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taken by his enemies. And so on, with many prayers and lamentations.

When the prayers and the feast were finished, the bones of Rata's father were taken with much ceremony to the top of a mountain, and there placed in a sitting position in a sacred cave known only to a few. And there they rested in peace and honour, and rattled no more.

Thus did Rata revenge his father's death.

And Rata taught the people to cut and polish axes of the hard jade greenstone, and a beautiful red-blossoming forest tree is called Rata after him. And Rata was chosen war-chief by the tribe, and became famous in the land.

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Matariki, or the Little Eyes (The Pleiades)

A LONG time ago there was a large and beautiful star which shone nightly in the deep blue tropical sky. So beautiful was it that all other stars faded before it, and even the moon stayed afar off, lest her fire should look pale beside its brilliancy. Tané, the mighty god of light and lord of all forests, was also jealous, for he said:

"If it were not for its loveliness, the eye of man would be content to rest on the beauty of my stately forest trees. But the light of that one star alone draws all eyes upwards, and men heed not the beauty which is near, for desire of that which is afar."

So Tané resolved to destroy that wonderful star, and he asked Aldebaran and Sirius to help him. There was a little lake nestling amidst the hills, whose depths on still nights the star had often made more beautiful by its reflection, and on whose dancing ripples the soft wind had many a time broken the star's bright rays into a hundred rippling smiles. The lake heard what the god Tané and his helpers said, and resolved to warn the star of its danger.

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"How shall we do it?" asked the bright waters, as the soft east wind stooped to kiss the lake's anxious face.

"Indeed I know not," said the wind; "my voice cannot reach unto the stars, or I would gladly whisper the warning for you. Ask Rangi, the god of the heavens; the stars are the jewels of his nightly raiment, so he will not fail to help the most beautiful of his gems."

The next morning, when the sky shone in all its brightness, the little lake told its tale, and asked for Rangi's help. Rangi was very wroth when he heard the tale, and he promised willingly to aid the grateful little lake to help its friend.

"My strong heat shall shine on thee," said he to the little lake, "and thy waters shall rise upwards in the mists of clouds till they reach the beautiful star thou lovest; then thou canst warn it of its peril."

And so it was, when the sun, the eye of Rangi, opened wide, the fierce heat of the morning rays fell on the lake, and the waters rose in soft clouds, and, rolling up the mountain side, they left the bright world they loved to rest upon. Higher and higher they sailed, almost dissolved in tears, so mighty was the heat. But the east wind gently cooled them with its soft breath, and carried them near to the beautiful star, and they told it all its danger.

And the clouds returned in cool rain drops to the earth.

Thus the beautiful star was not unready when one night the mighty god Tané, with his followers, Aldebaran and Sirius, chased it from its resting-place in the sky. On, on, flew the star before its cruel persecutors, till at last it took refuge in the waters of the lake, which it had so often brightened by its light.

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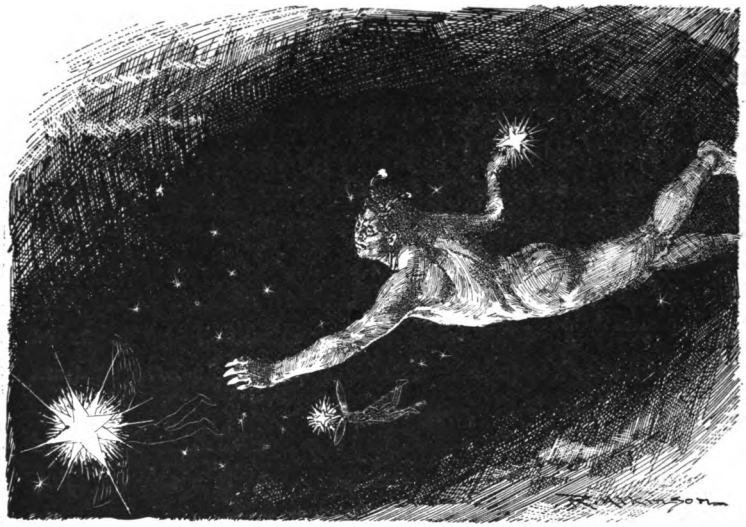
"Save me, save me, dear lake," it cried, and threw itself into the cool, clear depths.

But Sirius, the dog-star, saw it there, and drained away



the waters, and again the poor star was driven before its fierce pursuers.

The dawn was drawing near, and the star thought:

"If I can but reach the east, the great highway of Tané, the god of light, his own brightness will be my safest hiding-place."

So, though the star was weary, it still sped on. But Tané saw the star, and, being angry because he could not seize it, he grasped Aldebaran and hurled him after it, and splintered it into six pieces. Thus the wrath of Tané was appeased, and, in disdain, he threw the pieces aloft into the

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sky. There to this day do mortals see them, and call them the Matariki, or "the little eyes."

Rangi, the heavens, was exceeding wroth when he heard what had befallen the most beautiful jewel of his nightly raiment, and he decreed that "the little eyes" should be honoured beyond all other lesser stars, and that their twinkling brilliancy should be good to look upon.

So, where palm trees wave over the golden sands of the fair Pacific isles, when the "little eyes" are above the horizon at sunset, men say, "The new year has come; see how the 'little eyes' twinkle; it is the time of feasting and gladness!"

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Rua and Toka, a Tale of the Deep Sea

IN days of yore a chief named Rua and his only child, Toka, a handsome boy of twelve years, lived by the sea-shore of Te-ika-a-Maui (N. island of New Zealand). Toka was as the light of the sun unto the chief's eyes, and the boy thought that the great god Ra did not shine on any warrior so great as his father. Rua encouraged Toka in all sorts of manly exercises; he was full of life and strength, and his merry laugh was as the sound of the laughing waves playing amongst the rocks. When the mighty taniwha (monster) at the bottom of the ocean drew in and out his deepest breaths and made the wild tides of winter rush swiftly up the beach, Toka loved to run races with his companions on the flat stretches of sand, and their light flying figures sped as swiftly as feathered powa-seeds (thistle) before the wind. In summer weather they spent long hours roaming the forests, snaring birds; or in the sea, playing in the soft curling foam and diving off their canoes into the clear deep waters. So passed happy years for Toka.

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One afternoon of a sultry day late in summer, an oppressive stillness lay on the air, and a tremulous, misty heat played on sea and sands. That strange calm, which often precedes storm, pervaded everything; the sea-birds flew shorewards with lowered cries, and each leaf and delicate fern-frond was still, even the feathery heads of the toi-grass (pampas) were motionless, and the very bushes in the hollows of the cliff seemed to huddle together. Toka and his companions had been out fishing, and having pulled their canoes high up on the shore, they rushed into the sea for a refreshing swim. In their enjoyment the signs of the coming storm were unheeded. But suddenly the wind rose and the heavens darkened with fast-gathering clouds. The boys were a long distance from shore, and one of them, looking up at the sky, said: "We had better go back, Toka; a storm is coming on."

"There is lots of time," said Toka; "you can go back now. I swim more quickly than you, and will soon overtake you." So they turned and left him, for they knew that Toka was as the swift-leaping tawa-tawa (mackerel) in the sea. But soon the roaring winds ruffled the water with dark shadows, and beneath the lashing rain the white crests of the waves gleamed. The force of the squall beat up the waters till great masses of spray, mingling with the clouds and rain, hid the shore, and closing round Toka, he could scarce tell ocean from sky. But Toka feared not; he struck out boldly for the land, his heart hot within him as he shot through the blinding waters or rode boldly over the billows. Presently a mysterious unseen force stirred in the depths, and the surging masses seethed and boiled. Then, on a wave mightier than all the rest, Tangaroa, the

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great ocean god, uprose from the dark deep. He suddenly seized the boy and carried him down to his cavern-dwelling beneath the sea. There he placed the handsome young Toka as an upright figure on the ridge-pole over the doorway. And beautiful indeed looked the shapely bronzed limbs and the well-set head of Toka, his face upraised to the bright earth above.

The other boys reached the shore safely, though with difficulty; then they looked for Toka. Nowhere could they see him; he had quite disappeared—nothing but the waste of waters was around; and after gazing in vain for some signs of him they knew that Tangaroa, the ocean god, must have seized him. They returned to the village, their hearts heavy as the heart of the iron-wood tree; and when they told the sad tidings great was the wailing amongst the people, for the bright-faced, merry-voiced Toka was a favourite with them all.

In the evening the summer storm had passed. Leaves and broken branches strewed the path of the low cliffs, and masses of seaweed were heaped up on the shore. The sea-birds still stayed in their shelters, and all was quiet save for the sobbing of the waves upon the beach and the melancholy wail of the mourners. When Rua and some of his braves returned that night from visiting a neighbouring tribe, they heard from afar the noise of the lamentations of the people. They hastened to the village, and when the chief saw not his son, nor heard his welcome from amongst the people, his soul was full of dread, and he cried aloud:

"Where is Toka?" and no man dared to tell him; but the weeping and the cries rose louder than before. "Where is my son?" repeated Rua, in a hard voice.

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"Am I a child that you treat me so, and fear to give me bad tidings? My heart tells me that he has gone from me, for he welcomes me not. Where is my son?" But the people only covered their heads with their flax-mats, and rocked themselves to and fro, or rubbed noses together with bitter wailings. Then the tohunga (priest) arose, and he said to Rua, "The winds and the waves roared, and Tangaroa, the great ocean-god, took a victim. He chose thy son."

For a moment there was silence amongst the assembled throngs, as they raised their heads and looked at their chief, who stood spear in hand, still as a carven statue. And the sun, the great god Ra, went down behind the rim of the sea, and all the world was dark. And from Rua, the light of his life had gone. He said no word, but desire for vengeance filled his heart. He strode through the village to a rocky point on the shore, and threw down his spear and his mat. He dived into the sea in search of his son, and one word only escaped his lips and mingled with the sobs of the waves—"Revenge!"

When Rua reached the bottom of the ocean, he met an old woman called Hinemati, and he said to her:

"Tangaroa has taken away my son; tell me where the great god has his abode."

And Hinemati took him to the dwelling of Tangaroa, for she was the doorkeeper. Upon the wonderfully decorated posts, hideous heads grinned, with hanging tongues and shining shell-pearl eyes, at the chief. And on the top of the ridge-pole and right over the doorway, Rua saw his boy Toka, stiff and still, but beautiful as an image shaped by the gods themselves. Then was the father too stricken

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for words. His soul was numb within him, scarce could he feel the anguish of his grief. Only the strong beats of his heart sounded in his ear, "Revenge!" "Revenge!"

"Is there any one in this dwelling?" at last he asked of Hinemati.

There is no one in it now," replied she, "but the Ponaturi, a race of sea-fairies and goblins, to whom sunlight is fatal, inhabit the dwelling of Tangaroa. They leave it in the morning before the day-dawn, and go to their work in the dark deep, and they return not till the sun has set."

Then said Rua, "The great god Tangaroa I cannot harm. His vastness is as the vastness of the boundless sea. But I will wreak my vengeance on his wonderfully carven dwelling, and those who live therein." And the woman said, "I will help you. I also wish for revenge for my ills."

Rua went into the dwelling of Tangaroa, and he stopped up every opening and cranny through which the light could enter. Then the woman went in and awaited the coming of the sea-fairies and goblins, and Rua hid near. When it was quite dark, Rua heard the noise of many voices, and a great number of little folk, fair-haired and light in colour, trooped into the house. Hinemati shut the door, and lay down by it as was her custom, thus pretending that she would warn the inmates of the approach of daylight, which if it should fall on them, would kill them.

The night hours sped swiftly on, and the fairies slept long, feeling secure, in that Hinemati was watching. Towards morning they waked once or twice, and thinking

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the night seemed of unusual length, one called out to Hinemati, "Is it not yet near dawn?"

"No," replied she, "It is the long night, the dark night of Hinemati. Sleep on—sleep on soundly!"

And they believed her, for every opening and cranny was stopped up, and they could see no ray of light. So they slept on even until the sun rose high, and the sea was flooded with his glory.

Then Rua sprang out of his hiding-place, and suddenly let in the sunlight, and the Ponaturi within the dwelling were instantly killed.

And the woman muttered, "Ay, they sleep soundly! For them it is the dark night of Hinemati."

But the strong beats of Rua's heart sounded yet in his ear, "Revenge!"

He lifted down the beautiful Toka from the ridge-pole over the doorway, and made for him a resting-place of shining weeds. But as he touched the shapely limbs, supple and warm no longer, and saw the closed eyes that had been wont to flash out love to his, he cried in the bitterness of his soul, "O Toka, my son! my son!"

And Rua wrenched out the wonderfully carven posts and lintels, and all the richly ornamented parts of Tangaroa's dwelling, and placed them aside near his boy. Then he set the dwelling itself on fire, and burned it and all therein, crying aloud, "Revenge! So do I revenge thee my boy."

Having so done, he turned towards the place where he had laid Toka, and behold he stood before his father, full of life once more. "Father," "My boy!" and the two saluted each other with indescribable joy.

And Toka and his father returned to their home above

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the sounding sea. And they carried back with them the wonderfully carven posts and other richly decorated parts of the sea-god's dwelling, and taught unto men the elaborate patterns of wood-carving for their temples and their meeting-houses.

Thus did the great chief Rua win back his son Toka from Tangaroa, the god of the ocean deeps.

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Marama the Moon-God and the Woman in the Moon

A LONG time ago, on a beautiful island of the Pacific there lived an old woman called Kiu-the-blind. She had four lovely daughters, the youngest of whom was called Ina, and she was the most lovely of all. On a moonlight night the maiden often wandered to the stream that rippled along the bottom of the tree-clad gully, and taking her calabash she fetched water for the family. This she did, not only because she loved the moonlight nights, when the glistening palms

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rustled their fans in the faint summer air and the tiny ripples laughed in the light, but because her lover would then meet her, and whisper sweet words under the shadow of the trees.

Now as Marama the Moon sailed on high, he saw Ina, and knew she was fair to look upon, and loved her with such exceeding great love, that the sky to him, wanting her presence, was no longer beautiful, and the stars, wanting the light of her eyes, were no longer bright. And Marama the Moon resolved to win the fair Ina for his wife, and he determined to watch from behind the soft summer clouds until he should see her going alone to fetch water from the stream. But many a night he looked in vain from his fleecy tent, for her lover was always with her, and Marama's heart ached as he heard their softly uttered words of love.

One night, when Ina's lover was out fishing, a gentle wind blew from off the sea, and the waves played sweet music on the coral reef and shelly shore. Ina at home listened in vain for the signal notes of her lover's flute. The fire of coco-nut leaves, the evening offering to the gods, had long been lighted in the huts, and she could hear the merry voices of her sisters and friends as they sat chattering cross-legged around the flickering blaze, their faces and limbs glistening with the sweet scented oil. It was already late, and Ina thought she would slip away unseen to the pool in the gully, to fetch the water which would be wanted in the morning to wet the old flax baskets to put over the hot stones of the oven fire. Taking her calabash in her hand, she started on her way through the bush, wondering what had kept her lover so late at the fishing-grounds. Ina's heart was filled with fear, for the narrow path was rough and dark, the gully depths looked

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lonesome and dreary, and she listened in vain for the cheery voice of her lover. Nothing could she hear but the ripple of the little stream below, and the distant splash of the waves on the shore. Now and again the Moon shone forth from behind the slowly moving clouds. He was anxious to see how the maiden sped, but he would only shine fitfully, for fear her lover, seeing the beauty of the night, should hasten back from the fishing-grounds and follow her. Many a time Ina kicked her foot against stones and the tree-roots which crossed the path, and she knew that it was unlucky to stumble, so she felt sad, and was not even cheered by the sight of "the little eyes" (Pleiades), which were high above the horizon, telling that the new year had come, the time of joy, when she and her lover would dance and be glad at the village feasts. When she was passing under the trees a spider dropped on her back from a branch overhead. Ill luck once more! Ah! If it had but fallen in front of her instead; and Ina wondered sadly what misfortune was about to happen to her or her lover. As she went along the rough, dark path, Ina reproached Marama for hiding his light, and called him hard names. "O foolish, odious moon!" she cried again and again; and he, hearing her bitter words, vowed that that very night he would take her, a willing or unwilling bride, to the sky.

At last Ina reached the clear pool, in which she dipped her calabash. Marama thought the maiden looked very beautiful as she rested against the trunk of a tall tree-fern, the long silvery fronds drooping over her and the flickering light and shade playing on her head. Dark as the storm-cloud was Ina's ruffled hair, red as the blossoms entwined

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in it were her full lips, and the moon-rays which shone on the pool were not more bright than the love-light in her eyes, as she stood there thinking of her lover. Then Marama the Moon could wait no longer, but hastily left his yellow-lighted land and came to the earth and stood before the girl as a young and beautiful man, and she, wondering and amazed at the sudden brightness on branch and stream, lifted her eyes and beheld him. With sweet words he wooed the fair Ina, who stood still as though fascinated at the sound of his voice, for it was very sweet unto mortal ear.

"Fear not, O beautiful Ina, for I love thee. Oh, come with me to the land where the bright rays of light are not so bright as thy glances, where the immortal blooms will pale before the beauty of thee, a mortal flower. I came down from the starry sky to woo thee for my bride. Come with me, Ina, and thy days shall be ever joyous with the songs of youth."

Then Ina looked up bewildered, for she had scarcely heard his words; his voice sounded to her like the echo of sweet music of which she had but dreamed. Was this indeed a god who stood before her? When before had such beauty ever been seen in her island home?

"Ah, Ina, we will mount aloft to the bright stars, to the land which knows not death, and thou too shalt become immortal; thy life shall be a never-ending stream of light. Come, come with me"

"Come with thee," echoed Ina in soft tones, and her eyes drooped beneath the brightness of his glances, and her rounded bosom rose and fell beneath her necklace of shells.

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"Ay, come; oft have I watched thee from the heavens above, thee and thy earth-born lover, who must die when his short days are done, and return as a dead leaf to the earth, never to live again."

"Lover, my lover!" she cried, as though that word had waked her dreaming self. "No, no," she cried again. "He loves me, my lover brave and true!" And with a sob, as though back to her had also come all the remembrance of her own love, she cried, "I love him, I love him; perhaps he is waiting for me now. What am I doing here? I must hasten back to him," and she stooped, and lifting her calabash, turned quickly to run up the narrow path that led to the shore.

Then was Marama exceeding wroth, and he cried, "I will not let thee go, Ina; thou shalt be mine—mine alone."

Ina gave a loud cry and threw her arms around the trunk of a palm-tree on the bank, calling wildly on her lover for help, but, alas! he was far away and heard her not. Then Marama the Moon seized her round the waist and carried her, with her calabash in her hand and with the tree to which she clung, far, far away up into the sky.

At this time her lover came to look for her; for when he came back from fishing and had not found her at the little hut on the shore, he had hurried along the well-known path to the spring. Not seeing her at the pool, he cried out, loudly: "Ina! Ina! Where are you?" And she, hearing his voice, answered:

"Mounting up to the stars with the Moon. Oh, save me, save me!" But her voice was so faint and far that her lover thought it was but the sound of the whispering palms

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overhead, and he sought her long and vainly in the island and sorrowed much for her loss.

So Ina lived with her husband Marama the Moon, and he was kind and good to her, for his love of her was great; but she pined for those who had been dear to her on earth —her mother, her sisters, and her young lover, and for many a long month life was a weariness to her. But she was a good wife to Marama, and never failed to gather dry leaves in plenty for their oven of food, and on clear nights there can be seen in the moon-land the large heaps of leaves which she keeps piled up ready for use.

After a long time the bygone years began to be like a dream to Ina, and the constant love and tenderness of her husband won hers in return, and her life was a busy and a happy one. Marama taught her how to beat out with stones the white tapa (native cloth made from the inner bark of the mulberry) into clouds till they were thin and glistening, and then to spread them on the upper part of the blue sky, fastening them down at the corners with pieces of rock. Ina soon delighted in this work, and many were the fantastic and pretty shapes she smoothed out with her hands. When she was sad at heart she often shaped the swelling storm-clouds, and loved to see them gather form and roll onwards. In joyous hours she shook out the lightly flying clouds which chase the sunbeams over the fields of earth. When the dreamy hours of evening came, she deftly fringed and scattered wide the fleecy draperies of the night, and they were so fine and soft that mortals scarce could call them clouds. Ofttimes, ceasing work, Ina loved to sit still and watch the glad stars beam in the clear sky. When in haste to beat out the tapa well into some new shape, Ina

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let fall some of the big stones with a crash, men on the earth called it thunder; and when she unrolled, swift

as a flash of light, a piece of shining tapa, they called it lightning.

And so passed the busy hours for Ina, and when tired of work she practised her favourite game of ball-throwing, which she used to play with her sisters on earth; and her

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sweet voice could be heard in lightsome song as she tossed the light balls up to the sky. If by chance a ball fell from her hand down into space, then men said, "See, the falling star! a chief's left eye goes to its resting-place in the sky," and knew not that it was only one of Ina's balls.

After years had passed, Ina longed much to see her earthly lover once again to tell him that she was happy; and Marama gave consent unto her prayer and fetched him to the moonlit land, and her lover was exceedingly glad when he saw Ina again, for he had mourned her as one dead, and he only asked to stay and serve her in her bright home. For was she not now a goddess, and far beyond him in word and thought; and so he stayed, and those two were united in Ina's beautiful cloud-work in the heavens.

But after many years, Ina's lover, being mortal, became old, and Marama told Ina that he must leave that immortal land, for death could not enter there. So one evening, when all the leaves had been collected for the oven-fire, and the light clouds spread like cobwebs on the swiftly darkening sky, Ina called to him to come and sit beside her under a palm-tree. Then she said, in a low, soft voice:

"Sweet are the flowers of earth, sweet and fair; but, alas! they all must fade and die."

Then her old lover looked at her kindly, for he knew by the tone of her voice, and the mist that dimmed her sweet eyes, that something grieved her.

"Yes," he said. "The earth's flowers are sweet, and they must die. The one I loved was taken to the deathless land, there to dwell ever beautiful with the gods; it was

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no more for me, but its fragrance has filled my life." And the old man looked at Ina's face, fair with the light of

eternal youth, and sighed deeply as he thought of happy early days.

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"The stately palm, too, must fall beneath the touch of age, or, cut down by the cruel winds, lie low and die," said Ina. Then she continued softly:

"Here in this moon-lit land this cannot be; the bright years come and go, the starry worlds roll on, but death itself may never enter this fair realm. Such is the law of Marama, the husband whom I love, who each month bathes in the life-restoring lake of Tané, the great god of light. I also have been sprinkled with the waters that make youth eternal."

"Yes, it is so; and I must leave thee, Ina, for I know what thou wouldst bid me do. Grieve not; I would not sadden thy bright days. It is well that I should pass again to the earth; my work for thee is done. Thou wilt be ever fair, thy life is with the stars; but I am old and frail, my life is of the earth."

The old man raised his bowed head, but his wrinkled face was transformed with love, and looked unto Ina once again fair as she had known it in the days of their youth. Very tenderly did the beautiful Ina breathe "Farewell, farewell!" Then she bade the rainbow girdle of the god Tangaroa to outstretch itself from the moon unto the earth, and she wept as she silently watched her lover slide down upon the rainbow to the world below. That night mortals wondered at the rich colours of the bow that spanned the heavens, and knew not that it shone bright through Ina's tears.

Great, too, was the wonder of the islanders when Ina's lover returned, old and white-headed, and told the tale of Ina and her husband, Marama the Moon, and of her happy life in the far off, pale-lit land.

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And to this day the people call a moonlight night "Ina-motea," or "the brightness of Ina."

And sometime mortals may see Ina, the fair moon-goddess, sitting under the palm-tree which she carried up with her and planted in the moon, her calabash by her side, thinking of those whom she once loved upon the earth. But she is a loving and good wife to Marama, and the heaps of leaves are as large as ever, and men call them the spots on the moon.

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Niwareka, Great Delight,

A Tale of the Origin of Spiral Tatooing

SHE was a light-hearted Maori girl, a chief's daughter, living in a small inland village. Her mother called her Niwareka, Great Delight. Tender-hearted and gentle beyond most, she had the merriest face and voice of all the girls of the tribe. She could not bear to see deeds of cruelty, and when, after a successful war expedition, the people indulged in the horrors of a cannibal feast, she used to slip away into the forest, and seldom returned till it was over. At first the old warriors frowned upon her for this, but as she grew into womanhood her good looks as well as her gentleness and gaiety won all hearts. They knew that in all but scenes of carnage and cruelty she was brave as a chief's daughter should be.

Niwareka had lately been betrothed to a mighty chief called Mataora. He and some of his tribe visited the village during the full moon, to join in the wrestling matches, and it was then he had first seen Niwareka. One clear bright night, there was a great dance amongst the young people assembled. The followers of Mataora vied

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with the young men and women of the village in the quick springing and leaping, the rhythmic chanting and strange grimaces. The excitement was at its height, and the opposite lines of dancers were advancing and retiring in time, making the earth tremble with their stamping. Niwareka and her favourite maiden, who had been watching the dance from under the trees, suddenly flung off their large flax mats, and with only their fringed waist-mats to encumber the pretty brown limbs, sprang between the two parties. And the two maidens excelled all others in their agility and wonderful attitudes. Full of grace was the tall form of Niwareka, her large eyes shone in the bright light of the moon, and the soft little curls of her dark hair played about her bright face as she sprang swiftly, now here, now there, before the admiring throngs. And all were charmed with the beauty and grace of Niwareka, and her young voice rose fresh and clear above all others in the wild chant. The dance continued far into the summer night, long after the elders had left the young people and had retired into their huts, as was their wont at such times.

Mataora and his attendant had been allotted the strangers' hut. The dance over, the chief went to his sleeping mat, but he could not sleep. At last he called out, "Rua, I cannot sleep, I am consumed with love for Niwareka. How beautifully she danced to-night, how graceful were her attitudes! And her voice was as the song of the bell-bird, sweet and clear. I must speak with her apart, and tell her that I, the great warrior, desire her for my wife."

Then Rua replied, "I have often watched the fair

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Niwareka; she and her maidens go to bathe in the stream beyond the wood before the sun goes down. Afterwards they wander about talking, or they play cat's cradle under the trees. Approach her then, O chief, and speak thy will. The fame of thy great deeds has come here before thee. Thy warrior's heart will not quail before the glances of a maiden!"

"Thy words are good, Rua; they have cooled the thirst of my heart. Go now, and get me fresh water from the spring, that afterwards I may sleep," said Mataora.

Rua took the calabash, and did as his master bade him. When he returned with the water, he poured it into the chief's hands that he might use them as a cup, for a chief of high rank may not drink from the calabash in which his slave fetches water.

The next day, after the village games were over, Mataora watched Niwareka and her maidens as they went away through the forest. After talking with the men of the village some while, he followed her. When he went through the trees, and walked down the track to the stream, he saw Niwareka and her maidens on the banks. They were talking merrily, and wreathing each other's necks and hair with the rich gold blossoms of the kowhai tree. And the black tuis flocked over the wealth of yellow flowers on the trees, sucking the plenteous honey, their varied notes mingling with the girls' merry voices. Now, the stride of Mataora was as the stride of the giant bird, the moa, and Niwareka stole admiring glances at his towering form and noble face as he came towards her. She had heard much of his strength and courage in war, but, though stern in voice and often cruel in deed, he had given her only kind

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words and smiles. The girl was standing a little apart from the others, sunshine and shadow playing on her brown skin, and she felt shy when the great warrior approached. She took out of the folds of her mat the string which she kept for the game of cat's cradle, and would have called one of her maidens to come and play it with her, but Mataora laid his hand on her arm, and said softly:

"Fear not to stay and talk with me alone, O Niwareka, Great Delight. So art thou well named. My eyes look on thee with great joy. My soul thirsts for thee with a great desire. Come back with me to my home, the strong pah by the sea, beyond the rim of the blue hills lying far behind thy village. Come back with me, and be the wife of the mighty chief, Mataora."

"My heart sighs not for a home afar," replied Niwareka, "nor for the sound of the wide sea. I love my own people, and the singing of the forest streams," and the girl's eyes gazed lovingly at her maidens and on the stream below, with its deep, quiet pools, and its brawling, leaping shallows."

"My rank is high, my people are many and powerful—a tribe mighty in war. But my rank and my power are as barren rocks without thee, O sweet flower of the forest-lands," said Mataora, with fierce passion, and the light of his great love illumined his stern face, even as the light of the sun floods a rugged landscape with glory.

Niwareka did not lift her eyes to his, though she was moved by Mataora's impetuous words; she stood in deep thought, her lithe, strong fingers playing with the cat's-cradle string. Yes, she loved this mighty warrior, and the sacred green-stone image on her breast rose and fell with

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the loud throbs of her heart. But she would not lightly speak the words to tell him of her love.

Mataora watched the half-parted tremulous lips, the red flush mantling the clear brown skin and he said quietly :

"I have no other wife, O Niwareka ; I have ever been cold of word and hard of heart, delighting only in war and in the chase of the great moa. I would take thee in triumph to my whare (hut). It is nobly built and rich in the carving of my ancestors. Thy feather mats shall be large and soft, thy kumara-patch great. And many shall be the days of feasting and of games for thee. All maidens shall envy the wife of the great chief Mataoro, for canoes shall fly over the wide sea at thy bidding, and the heads of my enemies be laid at thy feet." So spake Mataora, and then stood silent before her.

"I want not the heads of thy enemies," said Niwareka, softly. "Keep them to decorate the posts of thy pah, and make all comers tremble." And flashing up at him a shy look of love through her long lashes, and laying her hand on his arm, she said softly, "My lord alone shall make my heart tremble, to tremble with delight."

Then Mataora said proudly, "Thy lord truly am I, O Niwareka. Thy gracious words have made my heart leap high, even unto my chin. And as the forest tree, until it falls, gives its strength to the tender vine, so the strength of my arm and spear are ever thine. Hiné, the death goddess, alone shall part thee and me."

"The Death Goddess," echoed Niwareka, with a tender smile. "Let not my chief speak of her in this our hour of love. She swallows all—some early, some late. I fear her

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not. The wild bird chooses its mate, and forgets death in its song." And the girl's glorious dark eyes shone with joy. Love to her was so near. Death so far.

So was wooed and won Niwareka, Great Delight, and she and Mataora returned to the village. And in the following days her voice rang out more merrily, and her sweet face beamed more brightly as she joined her maidens in their work and play. And her people consented to her marriage with Mataora, and the feasting and the dancing were great.

Then the village no more knew the laughing, merry face of Niwareka, for she departed with her husband for his far-off home by the sea.

It was evening when, after long days of journeying, they reached Mataora's strongly fortified pah on the hill by the shore.

The fires were burning, and the shadows danced on the huts, and on the faces of the people gathered here and there in the open space in the village.

As Niwareka and her husband approached the inner pallisading, she was startled by the sight of the heads of many warriors which were stuck upon the posts here and there. The wind swayed the mats which had in mockery been wound round the posts, and the heads nodded in the night-wind, and seemed to grin at her in the weird light. Niwareka shuddered, and passed through the people, who were busy cooking the evening meal in their covered ovens, to her husband's whare. Mataora's tribe had not before known that he was bringing home a wife, but, when Rua told them who Niwareka was, they raised shouts of welcome, and danced and feasted long into the night. But

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some of the elders had seen Niwareka shudder at the nodding heads, and one old warrior, whose sayings were much thought of, said, "She is not of us. The gentle song-bird cannot pair with the bird of prey," and he shook his grizzly head.

Mataora's tribe was one of the most fierce and warlike, and, as the days and weeks passed on, and the seasons came and went, Niwareka felt more and more a stranger amongst her husband's people. When Mataora and his braves went on their raids, the cruelest and fiercest of the women went with them, and the rest of the women left behind talked of little else but deeds of horror, gloating over the anticipated cannibal feasts. At such times Niwareka felt more than ever a dreary, growing sense of loneliness. She longed for some of her old companions, and the old light-hearted hours by rock and stream. She worked in her kumara patch; she did her household duties, weaving mats and baskets like other wives. But her merry voice was hushed, her joyous ways done. She could not even look forward to welcoming her husband back, for the return of the war party meant great cruelty to the prisoners, and she would not join in that, nor in the cannibal rites. This made the warriors angry and harsh, and Niwareka became daily more quiet and heavy-hearted, and she often wandered far on the sands, or shut herself up in her hut when her husband and his braves feasted. The warriors, looking at the closed door, said, "A song bird and a bird of prey; how can they mate?" and Mataora, hearing these jeers, went to his wife with cold sneers and taunts, and he beat her, saying, "You are no warrior's wife! You are no mother for young warriors"; and his

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words cut her to the heart. "I am no longer pleasing in his sight," murmured Niwareka. "My song of love is done."

One night, after a successful fight with a neighbouring tribe, the warriors brought back the bodies of several of their enemies. The dead were beheaded and dismembered with sharp shells; the heads were kept apart to be stuck on poles, and the bodies cut up and cooked in hot ovens. All sat round, old and young, laughing and joking, and watching the cooking. Here and there, from under the leaves covering the oven stones, a hand or a leg protruded. "Do you find it hot? Are you young and tender?" said one. "Ah! You died laughing, with your face to the enemy. I hear you cackling now," scoffed another. When all was ready, the grim feast was divided, and some pieces placed in a food-basket before each of the party, and the favourite morsels were enjoyed and bones picked, with laughter and jest. The old priestess, Miri, sat apart. The hearts of the slain had been cooked separately, being her portion, and she enjoyed them in sullen silence. Two little boys, wakened by the sounds of merriment, came out of a hut, and played ball with a head lying near by. All this Niwareka watched from behind a group of trees close to the feasters, and she shuddered at the gruesome sight. She had seen her husband go through the scattered groups, and his face was stern, for she was not in her place amongst his people. And Niwareka standing there remembered his words, "You are no true warrior's wife. No mother for young warriors." Ah, how those unkind words had pierced her heart. He loved her no longer.

Then Niwareka said in her loneliness and pain, "I will

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go to the spirit-land," and she remembered the saying of Mataora when he wooed and won her that evening by the stream : "The death goddess alone shall part thee and me." With a sob, Niwareka turned and went away into the silent night. Then love was far, and death was near. And she was no more seen.

When Mataora found that his young wife had gone from him he was stricken with grief. Though his words had been unkind, he loved her with all the depths of a proud, passionate nature. He thought of her tender heart and of her merry ways when he first knew her. He repented bitterly of his jeers when he remembered her sad face. And sorrowing, he sought her everywhere, but found her not.

Then he consulted the priestess of the tribe, and, after much studying of omens, she said, "She has gone to the spirit-land."

"I will seek her and bring her back," said Mataora ; "let no man follow me."

"It is not fit that a great warrior should go alone," said his braves, and they pleaded to go with him. But Mataora answered sternly :

"She went into the silent night alone. Let me pass unto the shades in peace." And so saying, Mataora strode past them out of the village into the dark night.

Tawera the morning star shone cold and clear in the grey sky as Mataora journeyed over the wide-stretching plain towards the edge of it, where Rangi and Papatua, the Heavens and the Earth, embrace each other in love.

On, on he went, and the way seemed long and dreary ; and after many days he came to the place where dwelt a

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guardian of the boundary of the spirit-land, who was called Ku-wata-wata, Light-in-the-chinks.

And Mataora said to him, "I seek the Death goddess."

"He must be full of courage who would go to her uncalled," replied Light-in-the-chinks.

"I fear her not," said the great warrior, "for she has swallowed my heart's beloved. Have you seen her?" asked he.

"I saw a woman," said Light-in-the-chinks, "and she was fair and good. But her lip hung down with sorrow, and she passed quickly on."

"It was Niwareka," said Mataora. "Tell me where I may find the Death goddess."

Even as he spoke Mataora saw Hinė's open mouth before him. Her eyes flashed lightning and her dark jagged teeth showed fierce and sharp.

"I come, Niwareka! I come to thee!" shouted Mataora, and with a mighty bound he leapt down the throat of the goddess into the land of death.

Silent he stood in that shadowy land, waiting to hear the voice of the one he loved. But the soft voice and the tender smile of his young wife greeted him not. He was alone in the dim, vast shades. Yet was he not afraid, for he sought his beloved. With a grim courage bordering on despair, he wandered on, calling ever and anon: "Niwareka! Niwareka!" But there was silence everywhere.

After countless stretches of time, that had nor day nor night, he came to some tall, twisted trees that seemed to stretch out their arms in agony. Under them was a man tending a fire. This was Uetonga, or suppressed pain. He

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was the great tatooer of the world below. When he saw Mataora he came forward, and looking at him, said :

" You are not properly tatooed. I will tatoo you."

But Mataora said, " I do not care ; let me be. Have you seen a woman pass this way of late ? "

" Yes, I saw one, and she was good and fair. But her

lip hung down with grief, and she sobbed as she passed on," replied Uetonga.

" It was Niwareka," breathed Mataora. " Tell me where she is."

" You cannot pass to her except through me," said Uetonga. " I will tatoo you properly, then, perchance, in your agony you may see her." So saying, Uetonga seized Mataora and threw him on the ground, and in his grip the

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strong warrior was as a helpless child. And Uetonga tatooed him with the spiral lines still called "Uetonga's tatooing."

And the pain of tatooing was great, and the spirit of Mataora writhed in agony, and he thought of his unkind words to his wife, and of how he beat her. And from time to time he chanted in a broken voice:

O Niwareka, Great Delight,
My love for thee doth burn,
Unto the shadowy land I come.
O Niwareka, Great Delight,
Return to me—return.

Now his wife was not far off, but she was hidden by the trees. She sat before her dwelling weaving a mat. She heard the chanting, but could not hear the words; but her breath came thick and fast, for she thought it sounded like Mataora's voice. She arose, and went towards the place where she saw a man being tatooed. But her husband's face was turned away from her, and his voice was so changed by pain that she thought it could not be his. When Uetonga saw Niwareka come near, he told her to go back. And she obeyed him, and returned to her flax-weaving; but her thoughts were full of Mataora.

When night came on, in spite of the commands of Uetonga, Niwareka went nearer to the tatooed man, who lay alone and silent, bearing his pain. And she said, "O man, chant your song again." Then Mataora's heart leapt with joy, for he knew it was his wife, and he sang in a low voice to her:

Say, who is thy beloved?
Tell it to the West,

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Tell it to the South,
And to the North also,
Breathe it to the stars above
And breathe it to the moon.
I am but as a fallen tree,
Say, who is thy beloved?
Where the scented fern
Gives forth its sweetness,
And fosters my desire,
May I a listener be to thee.
Say, who is thy beloved?
I am but as a fallen tree,
Say, who is thy beloved?

And he turned his face to Niwareka, and her eyes shone with joy, for she knew it was her husband, who for his great love's sake had sought her there. And she said, "O Mataora, thou art my beloved." And she took him to her dwelling, and tended him till his tatooing was healed, and spoke loving words to him, so that he knew no more pain. Then Mataora said to his wife, "We will return to the world above." And she consented to go back with him. When, after much journeying, they came to the place where dwelt the guardian of the boundary of the spirit-land, Mataora said to him, "I have found my wife, and we wish to go back to the world above. Open the way."

"I need payment to open the gates of night and silence," replied Light-in-the-chinks, "even the garment which your wife has made for herself in the spirit-land."

Then spake Niwareka, "I began to weave a garment for myself in the spirit-land, but I finished it not; my husband's great love and pain has fetched me back so soon."

When Light-in-the-chinks heard her words, and saw the joy shining in her eyes, he said to Mataora, "Pass on, but

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shut after you the door of night and silence, so that hereafter no man may pass back to earth this way."

And Mataora did so.

So the two returned to their home above, and Mataora taught his people the new spiral tatooing of Uetonga.

And many a night when the twilight fell on the great sea, Niwareka's merry voice again rang out, as she played cat's-cradle with her children. And when they came to the figure in the game where the yawning strings stretch out like a deep mouth, she would say with a smile, "That is the mouth of Hiné the Death Goddess." And that figure in cat's-cradle is so called amongst the Maoris to this day.

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Rongo and the Lizard-God

ON one of the Pacific islands, in ancient days, there was a great feud between the adherents of Rongo, the god of cultivated crops, and Matarau, the eight-headed, eight-tailed lizard-god. During the fierce fight between the two parties, Rongo took prisoner a youth of high rank, named Vaioevé; he then changed him into a large sword-fish, which was laid for sacrifice on Rongo's altar. Great was the consternation of Matarau when he heard the tidings, for Vaioevé was a young brave, beloved by his tribe, and the lizard-god resolved himself to rescue the sword-fish even from the sacred altar of Rongo.

The hot day had ended, and the sudden darkness of the tropics fell upon the land. A cool night breeze sprang up, and as it swept over the calm sea, the sleeping waters shivered. The breeze rose with the rising tides up the dark creeks, hustling the twisted mangroves, rustling the fan-fronds of the palms, playing with the leafy fringes of the dark forest canopies. In the dead of night the lizard-god came out of his hiding-place, a rocky cave, and stealing through the dense undergrowth gained the outskirts of the woods. Grey clouds hid the stars, and the glitter of his

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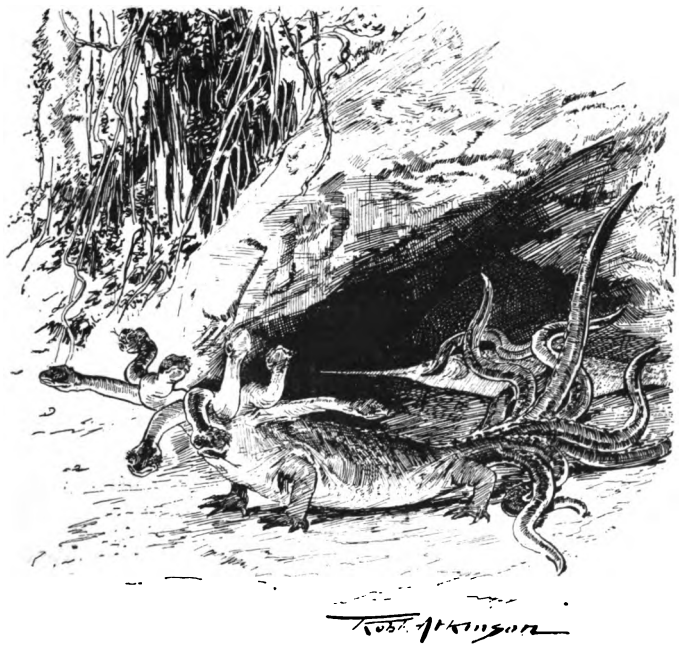
two hundred eyes was veiled in darkness. Keeping his eight heads and tails close to the ground, the monster slid along, so that no unusual movement of the long dry grass should be seen. He reached the open cultivated land of his enemy, and gliding cautiously through the large



patches of kumara (sweet potatoes), got near the altar of Rongo unnoticed by any of the followers of that god. "Ah, there is the captive," breathed Matarau, as he could just discern the sword-fish lying on the altar ready for the morning sacrifice. He darted forward, seized his prize, and carried it in triumph through the forest to his cave.

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Rongo was filled with wrath when he heard that his sacrifice had been stolen, and was determined to recover it. So he called his swift messengers, the little birds, and said :

"Go and find where the sword-fish is hidden ; my enemy Matarau must have carried it off in the night. Bring the fish back to me. Such is my command."

There was a flash of jewel-colours, a soft whirr of many wings, and the birds were gone. They looked everywhere with their bright eyes for the sword-fish, and at last saw it in the entrance of the cave. But the dreaded lizard was guarding it, and the little birds were sore afraid, for his eight heads were ever on the move, and his two hundred eyes ever on the alert. They sat for a long time on the branches of some trees near, hoping they might get a chance to carry off the fish. But it was useless ; the lizard's watch was unceasing, his eyes could see all around, and if perchance some closed in the slumbrous heat of noon, others were always open, and the snap-snap of his many restless jaws rang on the silence. What could the little birds do against such a foe ? They chirped and twittered, and twittered and chirped, but could settle on no stratagem by which to evade his vigilance. The lizard hearing the unusual noise in the branches, waked and yawned, and yawned and slept, but troubled not. It was only the birds. At last they agreed to fly back and tell Rongo what they had seen, and that they could do nothing ; and Rongo was angry at this, and told the little birds that they must try by some means to get back the sword-fish, and he ordered them to return at once to the cave.

There was again a flash of jewel-colours, a whirr of

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many wings, and the birds had gone. Once more they perched on the trees and chirped and twittered above the lizard. At last some of them ventured to fly down and try and carry off the sword-fish when they thought the terrible heads lay in sleep; but the lizard had one eye open, and his strong tails lashed them, and his terrible jaws snapped them up. More and more birds ventured down, but the terrible lizard seemed to be a very whirlpool of heads and tails; and in the end all the winged messengers were destroyed and eaten, except one which flew back to tell Rongo what had befallen the rest.

Then Rongo called other and larger birds to him, even sea-birds and birds of prey. "Go," he said, "and fail not to bring me back the fish."

There was a darkening of the sun, a beat of heavy wings, and the big birds were gone. But they too were knocked down by the lashing tails as they ventured near, and were eaten by the monster lizard-god, and the air was full of snapping jaws and flying feathers, and not one bird went back to tell Rongo the tidings.

When his servitors returned not, Rongo knew they also must have perished, and he waxed more and more wroth, but knew not what to do. Now some crimson and black butterflies were flitting from flower to flower near by, their rich colours gleaming in the sunshine. Rongo saw them, and he called them to him and said:

"All the birds are destroyed which I sent to get back my sacrifice. You must go and try to snatch the sword-fish from our enemy, the lizard-god."

"How can we succeed when all the birds little and great have failed?" said they. But Rongo replied "Go."

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There was a sigh from the flowers, a flutter in the air, and the butterflies had gone. But as the brave little fellows settled on a brilliant creeper festooning the cave, in order to get near to the fish, the lizard spied them. There was a rapid sweep of a tail, and they lay on the ground, quivering spots of brightness, then with closed wings, were still. Rongo was in despair when the red and black butterflies returned not, and he knew not how to outwit his enemy. After a while two large yellow butterflies flitted about the flowers like gleams of golden light, and Rongo called them to him, for he had at last thought of a good plan. "Go, O yellow butterflies," said he, "to the cave of Matarau, the lizard-god and snatch from him my sword-fish which he has stolen."

"How can we succeed when so many others have failed?" asked they.

"Speak not of failure; I will tell you how to gain success," said Rongo. "There is a large banyan tree growing outside the entrance of the cave, and its branches reach high overhead. On it there are some yellow leaves; hide under them and you will not be seen. I will send other moths and butterflies of different colours, and bid them conceal themselves also in places where they will not be noticed. Go and do what I have said, and afterwards I will help you."

The two large yellow butterflies were plucky and clever; they flew swiftly towards the banyan tree and, lost to sight in the brilliant sunshine, hid under two yellow leaves, and the lizard saw them not. Rongo then sent other butterflies, and moths of all colours. They flitted round and round, settled on flower and leaf, now here now there, then rising

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flew each time nearer and nearer, till at last they were close to the cave. The many-eyed lizard blinked in the sun, he heard the soft music of light wings, and saw the bright moving specks of colour, but he said, "It is only the butterflies!" and he cared not. Then one by one the insects hid in places the colour of their wings, some on flowers and leaves, others in the crevices of loose bark. And the flutter of bright wings ceased, and butterflies and moths waited the promised help of Rongo.

The evening drew on with its changeful lights and cool, tremulous shadows, and the lizard-god roused himself. The hidden moths and flies watched his eight tails waving to and fro more and more vigorously, and saw the glitter of his two hundred eyes, which shone now yellow, now red, now green, as they reflected the lights and colours of flower or tree. The spines on his back stood up stiff and sharp, and his heads wagged, and his jaws snapped as he caught any unwary insects and reptiles which ventured too near. But the lizard saw not the hidden insects, and they chuckled with delight at having so far outwitted the dreaded monster. But when would Rongo help them?

As the last yellow rays of the setting sun slanted through the trees, Rongo made the west wind blow across the land, and a shower of leaves was blown down upon the lizard and the sword-fish. The lizard blinked and wriggled his heads and tails till he was free of the fallen leaves; but he did not know that underneath two were hidden the brave yellow servitors of his enemy. Again and again blew the west wind, showering down numberless leaves and twigs and loose bits of bark, with the insects hidden beneath them. And the dust and little pieces of dry bark

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were blown into the lizard's eyes till he could not see out of them, and he was nothing but an angry, writhing mass of heads and tails. At that moment the two yellow butterflies, who were close to the fish, uncurled their long slender trunks, and gave a soft signal call. Thereat the insects came quickly out of their hiding places, and all laid hold of the sword-fish, and rising suddenly together, they carried the captive away high up into the air. By the time the astonished lizard had blinked his eyes free of dust, the fish was high over his head; and he was mad with rage, and his eyes flashed fire, and his hot breath smoked as he made the forest ring with the furious snapping of his jaws. But what cared the triumphant little thieves? They were far out of reach. They flew off gaily with their prize, and nearing the abode of Rongo and his followers, they sang:

> In triumph dance before the fish, that we
> Now lift on high and bear so carefully.

When the twinkling stars came out, and the pale-lit torch of night gleamed through the forest tangle, Matarau, the lizard-god, heard the song of the war-dance of Rongo rising shrill and triumphant on the night air. He crept to his cave in despair, and his people wailed. And the sword-fish, even their young, brave Vaioevé, was sacrificed on the altar of Rongo. This was the first human sacrifice on the island. And the place where the victim was killed is still called Vaioevé.

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The Blind Goddess, and Tawhaki's Wonderful Climb to the Heavens

LONG years ago there was a Maori chief who was as noble-looking as he was brave and strong, and his fame reached even unto the heavens. Waitiri, a young goddess, heard of his great deeds, and as he was named Kaitangata, man-eater, she thought he must indeed be a mighty warrior, and she determined to be his wife. He who could vanquish, and even eat men, the created of the gods, was worthy of honour. Early one morning, when the dew, the blessed tears of the far-off Rangi, the heavens, yet lingered on the earth, Kaitangata was returning through the vast forest which lay behind his fortified pah. He and some of his men had been out during the night spearing the kiwi, the hidden-bird of Tane, which in the dark hours comes out of its burrows. Kaitangata had separated from his companions to go down to a large pool in the outskirts of the forest to look for wild fowl. He moved quietly through the undergrowth ; a gentle air rustled the reeds and spear-like leaves of the flax by the waterside, so his cautious footsteps did not disturb the birds. Some

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noble white-pines grew on the edge of the swampy ground, and there, close beneath one of the trees, Kaitangata wondered to see a maiden standing. "She is beautiful as the white crane in the morning light," thought Kaitangata. The first rays of the sun fell on her shining limbs and her graceful figure, supple as a sapling of the forest. The light heightened the brilliancy of her dark eyes. What was she doing there? He stopped to watch her. An eager expectancy was on her smiling face, and in the tip-toe poise of her bare foot playing with the wet bending grasses. As the sunshine grew rapidly brighter, the waters of the pool flashed back on her a thousand sparkling rays, and rainbow lights gleamed on the dew-drops gemming the bushes around her. The yellow sun-rays shone on her tawny hair and bright face. Light everywhere, flooding her with glory. Was she a daughter of the Morning—a goddess from the sky? Would she pass away swiftly, as the sun-rays pass from the long stalks of the breeze-stirred grasses at her feet? Why was she in that vast forest alone? It was the young goddess Waitiri. She noticed the noise made by Kaitangata as he stepped forward impulsively the better to gaze at her. She looked up, and saw him standing in the shadow, spear in hand. She noted his grand limbs, his strong figure, straight as his mighty spear, his finely tattooed face and form, and his gaze, keen as the wild hawk's. Surely he was the far-famed Kaitangata, the man-eater, handsome and grand as she had pictured him, and her heart burned with the wish to win his love—mortal though he was.

Suddenly Kaitangata, with long strides, brushed through the scrub and reeds around the pool towards the maiden.

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He approached near to her, and then stood silent, leaning on his tall spear. Waitiri spoke not, but, raising her eyes to him, pointed proudly to some object lying at her feet. Kaitangata looked down, and there, on a big leaf, lay a human heart, red blood slowly dripping from it on the verdure beneath. The astonished chief knew not what words to speak. He looked first at the maiden, standing there in all her young and living beauty, and then at the heart of the unknown victim out of which the warm life-blood still oozed. What did it mean? A mute question of appeal and wonder filled his eyes. At last the maiden said:

"I bring thee an offering worthy of thee, O Kaitangata, thou great man-eater!"

Greater was the astonishment of Kaitangata at these words. After a pause he replied indignantly, "I am no man-eater. Who is it that brings me such a gift?"

"Even I, the goddess Waitiri," said the maiden with an expectant look at the man. "The fame of thy great deeds in war reached unto the heavens, and I came down from thence to see thee here on earth."

Kaitangata gazed in awe and wonder at the shining eyes and upraised face of Waitiri, and leaning towards her he said: "I am no man-eater O goddess, and I leave the hearts of our enemies for the priestess of our tribe, that she may make wise prophecies for the people. No life-blood of any victim is needed to make me mighty. I stand strong in my own strength. When thou returnest to the high heavens, tell the gods there that so have I spoken." And Kaitangata ceased; he was amazed at his own daring in thus addressing a daughter of the gods.

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At first Waitiri was indignant at the refusal of her gift, and her cheek flushed red, and her glance of anger was sharp with the fire of the immortals. But she admired the boldness of this great warrior, whose looks quailed not before her anger, and who was not awed by the knowledge that she came from the heavens, and her soft bosom rose and fell, and her pulses leapt beneath his gaze. She saw with approval his head upheld in pride, and she said :

"Mighty and strong thou art, even as the giant tree in the storm, and thy deeds are great as those of the olden days when the gods walked among men. Therefore have I left the high heavens to come to thee. I return not. I have sought for and have found that which shall be mine." And her words were sweet as the song of the Huia to Kaitangata's ear, and the subtle charm of her bright mobile face, the glorious beauty of this young goddess of the morning, held him enthralled. Yet he said, "O Waitiri, how can I, a mortal, take thee, a goddess, for my wife? Think not to break the old customs of our people, or evil will befall. Thou art of the immortals. In this world all is death. Ere many summers are seen, the white grass of Tura (grey hair) is on our heads, and then comes silence and death."

But Waitiri said, "It is in the power of none to make me fear. I have sought for and have found that which shall be mine. I have chosen." And stepping nearer she held out her hand to the great chief.

He stood still, tempted, bewildered, but he took not her hand, though the hot blood ran through his veins, like fire through the wind-swept bracken.

"I stand before thee, O child of the gods! Many suns

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must shine ere the seeds of earth grow and the crops ripen. But the thoughts and the desires of man are planted, and the crop at a breath is ripe. I must leave thee, O daughter of the sunshine." And Kaitangata turned as though to go.

Then with a loving glance and proud gesture, Waitiri went close to him and said again in clear tones, "I have chosen," and her breath was as the scent of the sweet maukora (broom), and the light of her eyes as the sunshine in deep pools. And on his strong hand, which grasped the spear, she laid hers and stood waiting. At her touch the chief forgot that she was a goddess, forgot all save the strong desire to hold her fast, and clasping her with rough, sudden passion, said :

"Come, O maiden, for my heart leaps to thee, as the wild sea to the shore. Thou camest with the morn and shalt glorify my life even as the sun the earth. So hast thou chosen ; so have I spoken."

Thus did the young goddess forget her heavenly birth and woo and win a mortal, even Kaitangata, the great warrior. And they went to Kaitangata's strong pah by the sea, and the air rang with "Haeré mai ! haeré mai !" the welcomes of his braves, when he led the fair goddess Waitiri as his wife to his carven whare (hut) beneath the cabbage palms.

For long years the two lived happily together. Waitiri was a busy wife in times of peace, and followed her husband on his expeditions in times of war, and delighted in his victories. And they had two sons, and afterwards a little daughter, of whom Waitiri was very proud.

Now when the time came for the baby to be baptized by

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the tohunga (priest) with due ceremonies, Waitiri said to her husband :

"As our child is a girl, it is the father's duty to dip her in the sea, so that she may be well washed for the baptism. Such is the right custom."

And Kaitangata said : "I will do so."

The day for the ceremony came ; part of the end of the dwelling was taken out, so that the child, being a chief's daughter, should not pass out the same way that any one else had done. When the mother gave the baby unto her father's arms he said : "Alas ! she is not pretty nor sweet and clean-looking as she ought to be. I will not take her to dip her in the sea ;" and he turned away.

This grieved Waitiri much, for the priest waited by the stream, and the kumara-branch was gathered ready to dip in the water and sprinkle the child. Kaitangata's refusal to take the baby was a great reproach and disgrace. Waitiri brooded over it and no longer cared to go amongst the people, and took no pleasure in the life around her, but became hard-hearted and cruel. Some of the neighbouring tribes had cannibal feasts when, after a fight, they brought back the bodies of the slain, and Waitiri longed to taste human food so that she might induce her husband to do so. She begged him to give her some, but he would not, and said : "I am no man-eater."

One day Kaitangata went away some distance to fish, but his wife stayed behind. Standing on the shore, she noticed another canoe not far from land with two of their enemies in it.

"Now I can get some victims," said Waitiri to herself, and she jumped into the sea with a net and a knife in her

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hand, and by the help of her magic power she changed her appearance and dived and came up close to the canoe.

One of the men, when he saw her suddenly appear, cried out: "What art thou, a human being or a bird of the sea?"

And he tried to spear her, but Waitiri smote him with her knife of shark's teeth, and his body fell into the sea. Thus she did also to the other man, and then swam back to land, dragging the net after her with the bodies of her victims in it.

When her husband came home she said: "I have killed two of our enemies. Come and offer a sacrifice to the gods, and then eat some human flesh that you may be a still mightier chief, and your fame greater on earth and in the sky."

But Kaitangata was angry and would not, saying: "Have I not said I am no man-eater?" and she could not persuade him to join her in the feast. Afterwards she made secretly some fish-hooks out of the leg-bone of the slain, for she knew they would catch many fish by their magic power, and she gave them to her husband. This she did without saying beforehand the necessary incantations or telling him from what they were made. The next time he went out fishing he took the hooks, and when he came home he said to his wife:

"Those were good hooks you made for me. I have caught many fish."

His wife said nothing, but she took some of the fish to cook. And she afterwards ate some of the fish, and as soon as she had eaten thereof she became blind. Then great anguish filled her soul, and she sat long hours in

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silence. One night when she slept a woman from the spirit-land visited her, and said:

"You neglected the rites due to the gods before making hooks from human bones. Therefore are you blind, O Waitiri, after eating of the fish caught with them."

And Kaitangata pitied her not when he heard the cause of her blindness, and he turned from her in anger. When he had gone out of hearing, Waitiri crept out of the hut, and felt her way slowly along the track to the pool in the forest where she had first seen her husband. There her two sons were busy setting snares for wild fowl, and she seated herself at the foot of the white pines and listened to her boys' voices. It was evening; the last rays of the sun had faded behind the dark forest trees, and a rosy afterglow lingered on the open sky beyond the pool. That too passed, and a pale spectral mist rose from the waters. But Waitiri knew nothing of the changeful colours on earth or sky. She was alone in her darkness. She shuddered with the chilliness of the damp night air, and drawing her mat closer round her, lifted her sightless eyes to the heavens, whence she had come a young goddess, and she moaned in the bitterness of her soul.

"Mother, we are going home, will you not come?" said one of the boys.

"No, I come not," replied their mother. "I leave you and return to the heavens. When your sister grows up, a chief will take her as his wife, and one of her sons shall come to the heavens to seek me there."

"Do not go away, mother," said her sons. "Stay with us longer upon earth; we will seek food for you and care for you now you are blind"

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But Waitiri replied: "I have no longer any pleasure here. Your father is angry with me, and I see my children no more; my darkness is as the darkness of the starless night that knows no dawn. The gods will help me." And Waitiri pointed to the sky as she rose, and her long flax mat fell round her in stately folds. And her boys looked at her with awe, for as she stood there in the gathering gloom, her tall figure shrouded in the spectral mists, she looked to them like some sorceress of old. "Listen!" she said, in clear tones; "listen to the words, even the last words of Waitiri. Tell your father I go to the heavens whence I came!" Even as she spoke, a cloud came down and hid her from their eyes.

Then the boys cried out: "Where art thou, O our mother?"

But the cloud rose, and floated higher and higher, carrying Waitiri with it, and was lost in the fast darkening sky. And the blackness of night fell on the white pines and the pool.

When Kaitangata came home, no oven fire was lighted to cook the evening meal. The boys and their sister, with covered heads, were sitting in the corner of the hut sobbing, and he saw not his wife.

"Where is your mother?" he asked of the children.

With bitter tears they told their father what had happened.

And the great warrior was much troubled, and he thought of the days when the young maiden goddess came down from the sky for love of him, and when she was fair in his sight. And he watched many moons for her return, but she never came back.

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And he called the girl Hema, or Child-of-my-sorrow. And in his grief he took refuge in fighting, and his voice was heard louder than ever in the war-chant before the fight.

Arise ye bold, arise!
Stem ye the flood!
Shout loud the battle-cry,
All conquering, storm, or die.

Ere many summers had come and gone, he, leading his warriors, was slain in the moment of victory. And his bones were placed in a secret cave near his own village, and his name remained great in the land.

When Hema his daughter had reached womanhood the chief of a neighbouring tribe took her in marriage. One of their younger sons was called Tawhaki. This boy was of a superstitious, passionate nature, and he loved to listen when the people recounted, with much laughter and gesticulation, their ancient tales of love and war. He was proud of the great deeds which his grandfather Kaitangata had performed, and his soul was stirred when he heard about his grandmother, the beautiful young goddess who had come to earth for love's sake, and after many years had returned to the heavens, blind and in sorrow. And when they repeated the last words of Waitiri, Tawhaki would say, with flashing eye and eager tone, "Yes, when I am a man I will go and seek my grandmother in the heavens." Tawhaki grew up brave and of noble appearance, and his brothers were jealous of him, for all the young maidens of the village admired him so much that they would look at no one else if he were near. The brothers determined to kill Tawhaki so that he might be out of their way. They knew that he

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usually bathed in a large pool in the wood at some distance from his dwelling, and that he stayed there to do up his long hair and stick in it the comb as became a future chief, for clear as in a glass was his reflection in the still waters of the pool.

One morning before the sun rose, they heard Tawhaki singing in loud, clear tones:

O stars of morn, ye faint and die
When roseate breaks the eastern sky.
Rise up, bright sun, that I may see
The clear deep pool of Tawhaki.

Thus sung the young brave, and his brothers knew he was going to his pool to bathe and they followed him. When he was in the water they rushed upon him and knocked him down, and they dragged him to the shore and there left him for dead. They hid in some bushes to make sure they had really killed him. Tawhaki did not move, so they thought he must be dead, but to make quite sure one of them called out, "O Tawhaki, where are you?" But only the swamp hen uttered its lonely cry, "Ke! Ke!" Then another brother called loudly, "O Tawhaki, where are you?" But only the rail answered in mournful notes, "Hu! Hu!" The last brother cried, "O Tawhaki, where are you?" But all was silent, and Tawhaki lay motionless where they had placed him. So they thought he was surely quite dead, and they hastened back to the village and said nothing about their brother. Now Tawhaki had only gone a short distance on the way to the shades. He would not listen to the voices which called him to the further spirit-world, for if he had, he could never have returned through

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the door of night and of silence. He lingered for a short time on the border land of the shades, and then his spirit returned to his body, and he heard the last call of his brothers to him, but he answered not. When they had gone away Tawhaki arose and went far out to sea in his canoe, and slept a deep refreshing sleep whilst it drifted on the waves. He awakened strong and full of vigour, and he went back to the village, and his brothers were astonished and frightened to see him alive again. Then Tawhaki told the people what his brothers had done, and asked his relatives to join him in avenging his wrongs as was the custom. But they were so slow in preparing to do so, that Tawhaki was indignant, and in order to show them that he had power beyond theirs, he said, "I shall go to the heavens where my grandmother has gone. There will I revenge myself upon some of our ancestors for what my brothers have done to me. Then you will all know that I can tread with impunity on our ancestors, whom you hold sacred."

So, though his mother entreated him not to go, he would not listen to her, but departed thence. Tawhaki's younger brother Karihi had not joined with the others in the attack on Tawhaki, and he called out, "I will come with you, Tawhaki," and he followed him. After travelling far over a long stretch of rising ground, they came to a range of mountains running northward. A solitary peak, snow-clad and shining, reached high into the clear sky, and the rising sun gilded it with unearthly glory.

"That is the way to the heavens," cried Tawhaki, "let us go up."

And Tawhaki repeated the sacred incantations, so that no harm might befall them, and began the great climb

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to the heavens. They went rapidly over the rough ground of strewn boulders and thorny creepers, crossing deep gullies, till they came to the foot of the mountain. Here long stretches of bracken, high as their heads, covered the first part of the ascent. Pushing through these, scrambling up steep rock faces, they reached the welcome shade of birch woods, through which brawled the blue glacier stream, leaping here and there in sparkling cascades towards the valley below. On, on they went, over flower-gemmed slopes, over grassy shoulders and rough rock walls. The full sun of noon beat on them. With parched throats and tired limbs they toiled up steep beds of loose, backward-sliding stones. The hours sped on, and still they climbed, and low sank the sun ere the eternal snows were reached. Far and wide gleamed the shining glacier-fields. "On, on to the heavens," cried Tawhaki. And with strength and vigour renewed by the cold, clear air of the heights, they went over the slippery ice and the deep blue fissures that yawned at their feet, and laboured up the snowy steeps. When the gorgeous colours of the setting sun draped the mountains in glory, they reached at last the summit of the peak that touched the sky. And as they stepped from the very top into the first heavens, Tawhaki cried out, "Ka pai!" (very good!).

There, near the entrance, they found their grandmother Waitiri. Alas! she was blind and miserable as she had been on earth, and, as she sat outside her dwelling, she muttered and grumbled to herself. She devoured any human being who came near, but none had passed her way of late. When the brothers saw her she was counting, over and over again, ten baskets of taro roots which had

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been placed in a row before her. She was no longer a beautiful goddess, and Tawhaki felt disappointed, seeing her count her baskets so greedily. Every time she did so Tawhaki, or his brother, stealthily took away one. They did this till there was only one basket left, and Waitiri became very angry and groped about to catch the thief, calling out:

"Who is meddling with my food? Aué! Aué! (alas!) I cannot tell, for I am blind."

Then Tawhaki pitied her, and he smote her on one eye, and Karihi smote her on the other, both singing these words:

Bright spark of heaven, in bitter pain,
Return into your eyes again.

Thereupon her sight was restored and she could see clearly. And she knew her grandsons, and said:

"I will harm ye not, for you have restored the spark of heavenly light to my eyes."

Then Tawhaki said, "We will stay awhile with you, for I want to see my ancestors up here."

And the brothers tidied her dwelling for her, for it was strewn with the bones of her victims.

And Tawhaki asked, "Who brings you your food?"

And she replied, "I get some myself. I seize any persons who come near to me. But other food is brought to me by our ancestors who live in the heavens."

"Which way do they come?" asked Tawhaki.

Waitiri pointed out the way, and the brothers went some distance along it, but saw no one. They returned to Waitiri, and she said:

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"It is late; you had better lie down and sleep."

But they did not trust her; they were afraid she might not keep her promise, and that she would kill them in the night. So, before they lay down, they went to the sea-shore, and got some small, oval-shaped, white shells, and put one on each closed eye, so that, though their eyes should be shut, they would look in the dim light as if they were open and shining. In the night-time, as they had expected, their grandmother repented of her promise not to harm them, and she went to see if they were asleep. Seeing the white gleam of the shells, she thought they were not, and was afraid to touch them.

In the morning, Tawhaki heard some people shouting and splashing in a stream close to the hut, and he said to his grandmother, "Who are those people?"

And she replied, "They are your ancestors, who have brought me some food. Do not meddle with them, or they will kill you. They have long finger-nails, with which they fight."

Tawhaki repeated incantations and hid himself.

When his ancestors went into the hut, they said to Waitiri, "Who has been here? Some one has made your dwelling tidy and clean; you could not do it so well."

And she answered, "Keep silent, and I will tell you all about it."

So they squatted down, and warmed themselves by the fire. When Tawhaki saw that they had drawn in their long finger-nails, he rushed out suddenly upon them, and drove them out of the hut. And they ran down to the shore; and Tawhaki pursued them, and rained mighty blows on them to revenge himself for the way his brothers

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had ill-used him on earth. And they were afraid, and ran into the sea, for the fierce light of Tawhaki's eyes was as the scathing lightning, and the sound of his footsteps as the thunder-roll. And Tawhaki stamped with rage on the floor of the heavens, so that it cracked, and let the mighty waters through. Thus was a flood caused upon the earth, and multitudes were drowned, and Tawhaki's revenge was great.

Now, the fame of Tawhaki's noble looks and of his revenge on his ancestors reached Hapai, a young goddess dwelling in the highest heavens. So she descended at night to see Tawhaki, the renowned and handsome mortal who had climbed unaided to the first heavens. And he found favour in her sight. And at night, when the dark shadows of the god Kuo fell around, Hapai came down and visited Tawhaki, but she always departed before the first rays of dawn. Tawhaki knew not who this maiden was, but he loved her with a great love. One early morning she told him she was a goddess, and his great love held her and she stayed with him as his wife. But the gods were angry at this, and when Hapai's child was born they took both mother and child away to the highest heavens. As Hapai was being carried away she cried to her husband: "Follow me, O my husband! Follow me and thy child!"

And as Tawhaki hearkened, her voice became faint in the far distance, and he was full of despair at her loss. And he went to his grandmother and said: "My wife has been taken to the furthest heavens by the gods. Thither would I go. Tell me the way."

And Waitiri replied: "The way is with me." And she showed him the thread of a spider, one end of which was fastened to her neck and the other thread stretched up

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into the heavens. "Climb up this thread," said Waitiri, "draw up your feet as you climb aloft and repeat sacred incantations to the gods. But, above all, look not back, or the fierce winds will beat you down, and Hiné, the goddess of death, will devour you."

So spoke Waitiri, but Tawhaki laughed and said: "I fear not."

Now, Karihi in his eagerness sprang up on to the spider's thread before his brother, but as he did not know the right words to repeat, the winds beat so fiercely on him that he fell down, even at the feet of Waitiri, who killed him.

And Tawhaki grieved for his brother, but he thought he heard his wife Hapai calling him upwards, and he delayed not but sprang on to the spider's thread. And the fierce winds beat upon him in vain; his heart and limbs were strong in his love for Hapai, to whom he was climbing. Her voice ever called him on and on as slowly, toilfully he mounted. And the filmy clouds swept past him, and the winds blew, and the frail thread swayed to and fro, but nought prevailed against Tawhaki, for his courage failed not and he looked not back.

On his way Tawhaki met Tuna, the god of the eels, and he said: "Salutations to you, O Tuna. Where are you going?"

And Tuna replied: "I am going down below, for there is so little water here; all is hard and dry."

"I have cracked the floor of the first heavens and let the water flood the earth," said Tawhaki.

"I will go to the earth, then," said Tuna, and he descended to the earth, and he and his offspring, the eels, lived ever afterwards in the creeks and rivers thereof.

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And Tawhaki climbed on, and the fierce winds blew and the frail spider's thread swayed to and fro, but his courage failed not, and he looked not back.

And he climbed to the second heavens, but he rested not there; the voice of Hapai still called him upwards. Tawhaki held on with greater and greater difficulty as the winds beat roughly about him. How hard it was to grip the slender thread firmly; what if it should break and he fall into the depths below! His head was giddy at the thought. Ah! if he could only have a foothold even for a single beat of time! His soul was filled with awe at the vastness of space in which he hung. Endless space above and around him! How far was he off anything solid for foot or eye to rest upon? He seemed to have been climbing, climbing for endless ages.

And Tawhaki cried: "Au-é! au-é!" (ah, me!). He could only see the gleaming thread for such a little way up, and then it disappeared in the immensity of the sky. Did the frail shining line really bridge over the unknown distance to the highest heavens? His eyes were tired with gazing into nothingness, his limbs ached with the continuous strain.

How far he had journeyed from the world beneath! Could it be seen even as a dark speck through the filmy clouds below? He dared think no more. Above was below, below above, to the man hanging there in space, alone.

Then through his dazed brain the last words of his grandmother dimly echoed: "Sing the incantations, and, above all, look not back." And the great love which he bore his wife filled him with renewed strength, and Tawhaki

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made the vast space ring with his incantations. And though the dark clouds closed in and shut him off from everything but their gloom, and the fierce winds blew, and the frail thread swayed to and fro, Tawhaki's courage failed not, and he looked not back. He climbed up to the third heavens, on, on through the dense, rolling clouds, and then around him at last was the clear night-sky with its countless brilliant stars. On the right hand and on the left towered the shining groups, and above, around, afar, the star-points clustered numberless. And Tawhaki's soul thrilled with their never-ending glory.

Ah! There were some he had known upon earth. Taki, the guiding star; he had often been guided by it on long journeys; and the fish-hook of Maui, shining like an old friend. There, too, were the Little-eyes (the Pleiades), and their merry twinkle put joy into his heart. A great calm was in the heavens, and the thread shone steadily, a line of fire right up into the great starlit heights. And the voices of the stars sang, "Up! Up, Tawhaki!" And he looked not back, but, with hot heart, up, up he went to the fourth, and fifth, and on even to the tenth, which is the highest heavens, where dwell the gods. And there Tawhaki entered into the light of Rehua, the lord of kindness, one of the most powerful and ancient of the gods, who disperses gloom and sorrow from the minds of men. And the wonderful climb of Tawhaki to the highest heavens was accomplished. And Tawhaki said, "Ka-pai, Ka-pai." (It is good. It is good).

The highest heaven was full of brightness and beauty. Tawhaki disguised himself so that he should not be known as the noble-looking mortal, Tawhaki; and he assumed the

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appearance of an old and ugly being. And he journeyed far in this land of beautiful flowering forests, and shining hills and streams, seeking his wife and child. After some some time he saw some young men cutting down a tree for a canoe. On seeing him they called out, "Here is a strange looking being! He will make a fine slave for us," and they called out to Tawhaki:

"Come and carry these axes to our dwelling for us."

Now, for a great chief to be taken for a slave, and to be told to carry things like a slave was a great disgrace. But for the love he bore his wife, Tawhaki laughed in his heart, and kept silence, and, taking up the axe, he followed them. After a while Tawhaki said:

"These are mighty tools, and heavy. I am an old man; go on quickly; I will follow slowly."

As soon as the men were out of sight, Tawhaki returned to where the tree-trunk lay, and rapidly shaped and finished the canoe. Then he went on his way after the men, and soon came to the village where they dwelt. It was evening, and the people were playing games, and sitting under the trees talking. And there, a little apart from the rest, sat Hapai, his beloved, and her child played beside her. Tawhaki's heart jumped with fierce joy, and he went towards his wife, but she knew him not, for he was old and ill to see. Tawhaki went closer to her, and was going to sit down beside her and speak, but the people cried out, "Who are you that dare to approach Hapai; she is of the gods, and is tapu" (sacred). But Tawhaki replied not to their words, and sat down at a short distance from her. He dared not address her because of the people, and Hapai kept her face turned away from him, for her thoughts were

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not with the stranger, but at her home, and with her husband, from whom she had been snatched. And she was sad; and she rose and went into her dwelling, taking the child with her.

The next day the young men again ordered Tawhaki to carry the axes. And the great chief again laughed in his heart, and was silent. When they reached the place, the men were astonished to see the canoe cut out and finished; and they ran back to the village to tell the wonderful news. Tawhaki stayed behind, and changed himself back into the noble-looking warrior of earth; and he fastened up his hair with his comb, and adorned it with red feathers, and robed himself in the rare scarlet feather-mat of rank. Then, with his spear in his hand, Tawhaki was once more the mighty chief as of old.

And Tawhaki went back to the village. He saw Hapai sitting sad and lonely as before, save for her little child playing near. He ran swiftly towards her, and she, lifting up her eyes at the sound of his mighty steps, saw that it was her husband. She rushed into his arms with a soft cry of joy, and the two held sweet talk together. The people wondered who the strange chief was who dared thus to salute the tapued (sacred) Hapai. Then she told them her tale, and they gave loud shouts of welcome and delight when they heard of Tawhaki's wonderful climb to the highest heavens. And they said:

"Stay with us Tawhaki, and with thy wife and child, for thou hast done great deeds, and a daughter of the gods is thy wife."

And Tawhaki stayed in the highest heavens and became a god. And he had power to go swiftly to and fro on

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spiders' threads between the sky and the earth, in order that he might teach mortals many wise things. But the effulgence of Tawhaki's body became so great, that he had to put on a garment of dried bark, wherewith to hide it from the eyes of men. One night when Tawhaki did not put on this garment till he reached the top of the high mountains of the earth, a man hiding there watched him, and told what he had seen the great Tawhaki do. So the people ever afterwards worshipped him as a god.

And when he moves through the heavens, wonderful lightning-flashes rift the clouds, and mighty thunder-claps roll through the sky. And the people say, "There goes the great Tawhaki."

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Notes

"PARÉ AND HUTU."

Tapu.—"The Maori word tapu literally implies sacred, and the laying on of the tapu is one of the most sacred duties of a Tohunga, or priest. Property left in uninhabited spots, a house in which any one has died, a betrothed girl, the head of a chief are tapu, not to be touched. Should a tapu be broken, the offender is punished by the atua, god or spirit, inflicting some disease or malady on him." (Angas, "New Zealand.")

In "Old New Zealand" Judge Manning remarks: "The worst part of the punishment of an offence against the law of tapu was imaginary. I have seen an instance when the offender, though an involuntary one, was killed stone dead in six hours by what was no doubt the effect of his own terrified imagination, but what all the natives believed to be the work of the terrible avenger of the tapu. Some of the forms of tapu are not to be played with; of this kind was the tapu of those who handled the dead; this tapu was, in fact, the uncleanness of the old Jewish law. The person who came under this form of tapu was cut off from all contact with any person or thing. He could not even touch food. Food was put on the ground, and he would sit or kneel down and gnaw it in the best way he could. If fed by another person, it must be done without the tapued individual being touched; and the feeder was subject to many severe restrictions."

The food for chief mourners was not allowed to be cooked by slaves, but only by relatives; and part of the food thus cooked was set apart for the dead. (Pollock, "Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders.") By the law of muru—*i.e.*, authorised plunder and revenge—if a man killed his own slave it was his own affair; if he killed a man of another tribe, and asserted it was in revenge for some injury either recent or traditional, it was a meritorious action. (Judge Manning, "Old New Zealand.")

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When travelling in the interior of the North island of New Zealand, I saw an interesting instance of tapu. There had been several consecutive deaths in a native village from some fever or epidemic, which was attributed to the presence of some evil spirit in the place. The chief had therefore declared "tapu" everything in the village, and all the crops belonging to the tribe. No wharé (hut) was to be lived in; no food was to be eaten. The inhabitants were thus obliged to leave all their belongings, and move elsewhere, until such time as the evil spirit, being supposed to have left, the chief should remove the tapu, and give leave for the tribe to return. The untouched patches of kumara, the bushes and trees laden with ripe ungathered fruit, the silent empty dwellings, with fishing tackle and other implements fastened outside, the deserted meeting-house, on which the carved heads with their shell-eyes and hanging tongues grinned hideously—all formed a strange picture of the power of a chief to tapu a whole village.

The Paré, or raised house on posts in which the food of a chief is kept, is considered sacred. It is built north and south, so that the spirits of the dead may not pass over it when going to the Reinga (Hades). If there are accidental marks of red ochre on anything, they are believed to have been left by the spirits in passing.

The Rev. Ellis, in "Trip Round Hawaii," p. 205, says: "The spirits of the departed gather at the west before starting for the realm of Milu. There they made a circle, joining hands with those who had gone before, and danced the eternal round."

In New Zealand the North Cape was supposed to be the starting-point for souls going to the shades. But in Polynesia generally, the spirits of the departed travel westward—toward the setting sun.

The knots which are sometimes found tied in long reeds, grass, or the leaves of the flax plant are said to show the road the spirits have taken. ("Suggestions for a History of the Maori People," p. 18, by Francis Dart Fenton, Chief Judge of the Native Lands Court, New Zealand.)

The Tiki is a grotesque figure of greenstone worn as a neck ornament. Tikis belonging to a family are much prized, and are looked upon as heirlooms. This ornament is sometimes called the heitiki. Hea, or Hei, in Polynesia, was the god of wisdom. (F. D. Fenton, "Suggestions for a History of the Maori People," p. 16.)

The hair of an unmarried Maori girl was worn cut square over the forehead. The tooth of a shark, or the albatross feather, worn in the ear is a sign of rank. Angas, in his book on New Zealand, says that the wood carving on the Maori wharés (huts) has considerable

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resemblance to that of Mexico or Hindostan. The doorways are also Mexican in form. The carved box, in which the tail-feathers of the Huia were kept, is called the Paré. These feathers are only worn by those of high rank.

The meaning of the name Paré is plume-of-the-head.

The tale of Paré and Hutu belongs to the Ngaitaha tribe, New Zealand. (White, "Ancient History of the Maoris.")

"RANGI AND PAPATUA (PAPA-TUA-NUKU, *the great mother*), OR THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH."

This creation myth is well known throughout Polynesia. For various versions and chants see Sir G. Grey, "Polynesian Myth." and White, "Ancient History of the Maoris."

Tané, or Kané, was worshipped in almost every island of the Pacific, either as the masculine in nature, or as the god of light. The cult of Tané worship reached its glory in Hawaii; there Tané became the Light-giver, and was identified with the Creator in the ancient chants. Ancient Hawaiian houses faced the east in honour of Tane. (Tregear "M. Comp. Dic. Tané.") *Tané (Kané)*, New Zealand, son of Rangi and Papatua, tore his parents apart, and gave daylight to the world.

Sun identified with Tané.—See notes "Matariki.—K.C.

Creation of Trees.—Tané, the god of light, is said to have created trees, which at first resembled human beings, and were his children; therefore all groves were sacred to him. (See notes "Rata."—K.C.)

Trees Sacred.—In the Tongan Islands the natives believe that particular trees are inhabited by spirits, and they present offerings at the foot of those trees. In New Zealand the Maoris sometimes deposit the bones of the dead in the hollow parts of a tree, which then becomes tapu (sacred). If the bones are afterwards removed, the spirit of the dead is still said to haunt the tree, and if any one goes near or injures the tree by accident or design, a heavy penalty is exacted for the so-called insult to the Maori ancestor. (Judge Manning, "Old New Zealand.") Trees were also said to be the abode of Hakaturi, or wood-spirits.

Sun and Moon, eyes of Rangi. (Dr. Shortland, "Maori Relig. and Myth."; White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," i. 7.)

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"HUIA, OR THE TALE OF THE FISHING-NET."

Fairies.—The Maoris believe fairies to be in appearance like very small and beautiful human beings. (Sir G. Grey, K.C.B.)

I am greatly indebted to Sir George Grey for the facts in this version of the tale of the fishing-net, which were collected by him in recent years from the Maoris, and given to me.—K.C.

In Samoan myth, the god Tangaloa is said to have caught his chosen wife at the entrance of a cave by letting down a fishing-net from the heavens. Their son Pali afterwards came to the earth and gave the fishing-net to mankind. (Turner, "Samoa.")

"MAUI-POTIKI, OR MAUI."

"MAUI, THE HERCULES OF THE PACIFIC."

The tale of Maui, the South Sea Island Hercules and Prometheus, is known throughout Polynesia. It has been well preserved, and with but few variations, and that in spite of many dialects and changes of religion. (Tregear, "Maori Comp. Dic.") (See also Sir G. Grey, "Polynesian Myth."; Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific"; Gudgeon, "History and Traditions of the Maori People"; Ellis, "Polynesian Researches"; Fornander, "History of the Polynesian Race"; F. D. Fenton, "Suggestions for a History of the Origin and Migrations of the Maori People"; &c.)

For origin of morning and evening stars, and of Takiara, Follow-the-road, see White, "Ancient History of the Maori," p. 90, vol. ii. Takiara has sometimes been spoken of as the South Pole star; but, as there seems to be none in New Zealand, it is probably a bright star, named after Taki, the brother of Maui, who died, and is said to have been thrown up by Maui into the sky.

Winds Imprisoned.—Maui imprisoned all the winds in a cave, except the west wind, which he could never catch. In Hawaii the demi-god, Lalaamama, is said to have imprisoned the winds in a calabash.

An old Maori tradition states that the earth is supported on the prostrate body of Maui, and that, when he changes his position, it causes earthquakes; the people, therefore, shout and beat the ground when there is any underground disturbance. Another says that, when Maui went to fetch fire from his grandfather, he left him so crippled that he has lain in the under-world ever since, and when he moves the earth quakes.

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The God Io.—Some traditions assert that Io was a supreme god, the maker of the heavens and the earth, and of Tiki, the first man.

Io was also an involuntary twitching of any part of the human body, and was an omen for good or evil. If any travellers were detained and the priest or chief connected with those people felt a twitching in the middle of the arm or leg, it was a sign of evil to the company; if the Io were at the extremity of the leg, it was a sign of storm, wind and rain. If the Io were on the left side, under the arm or ear, it was a sign of death. If on the upper lip, it was a sign some one was slandering that person. (See God Io, and Chants, in White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," ii. 2.)

In vol. iii. 23 of same work there is an interesting account of a tui, or parson-bird, wnich had been taught to repeat the incantations at the planting of the Kumara and taro. This was a saving of time for the priests, and the bird was highly valued, and, being stolen by another tribe, it became the cause of war.

The Sun-god Ra.—The sun was known as Ra amongst many of the native tribes of New Zealand, and is also spoken of by that name in some of their ancient chants and traditions. (Sir G. Grey, K.C.B., *viva voce.*)

Worship of Ra.—See also White, "A History of the Maori"; Niwareka; Tregear, "Maori Comp. Dic. Ra"; and Notes Niwareka.—K.C.

In Samoa human sacrifices were offered to the Sun. According to a Samoan myth, "The Child of the Sun," the boy was told by his mother, a mortal, to noose his father the Sun with a Vine, and compel him to give blessings to him and his bride. This the Child of the Sun did, and he also obliged his father to shorten his daily course.

In one account of the capture of the sun by Maui it is said that the ropes he made of flax were all burned by the sun's fierce heat, and it was only when Maui made a rope of the hair of his sister Ina (light) that he was able to noose him.

Judge Manning, author of "Old New Zealand," was "of opinion that the Maori legend was told certainly one thousand years before the first Maori landed in New Zealand." F. D. Fenton agrees with him as to the first part of the tale, but thinks the later incidents were added after the Maoris came to New Zealand. (See "Suggestions for a Maori History," 70, by F. D. Fenton.)

Maui and the Death-Goddess.—See descriptions of Hiné-nui-tepo, or Hiné, the goddess of death. (White, "History of the Maori People," ii. 106; and Sir George Grey, "Polynesian Mythology.") Hineata-uira was the wife of Tané, the god of light. She fled from her father-husband to the Pos, or Hades. Tane followed her there, and besought

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her to return with him to her children on the earth, but she refused, saying, "I will stay in the land of silence and darkness, and drag all my offspring down here after me." And she was called Hiné-nui-tepo, the goddess of death, and thus came death to all mankind.

The New Zealand Pos, or Hades, was said to be divided into different parts. The priest, or tohunga, was supposed to be able to call back spirits from the Pos. An interesting account of this is given in "Old New Zealand," by Judge Manning, ch. x. The following is a quotation from an old Maori chant relating to the abode of the dead :

"In my night slumbers
My hands are uplifted
To the second Hades,
The home where Miru dwells,
Where the spirit ever stays
Far, far away from this world."

C. O. DAVIS, Native Interpreter.

"HINEMOA, OR THE BEAUTIFUL MAORI MAIDEN OF ROTORUA."

Lake Rotorua, the scene of the legend of Hinemoa, is perhaps of peculiar interest as being only a few miles from the site of the far-famed pink and white terraces of the North island of New Zealand, which were totally destroyed during the earthquake and eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886. (See E. W. Payton, "Round About New Zealand.") Except in the rapid rise and fall of its waters, Lake Rotorua was not affected by the eruption, and the interesting native village, Ohinemutu, still exists upon its shores. Visitors to the Island of Mokoia can there hear the tale of Hinemoa, and bathe in the clear hot spring which wells up amongst the rocks at the edge of the lake, and is called "Hinemoa's bath."

The Swamp-bird, the Ngako (or common Utich), still lives on the shores of Rotorua. In ancient times it was regarded as a sacred bird by some sections of the Arawa natives, and was presented by the priest as a propitiatory offering to the gods in the sacred enclosure designated the "tuaa-hu," used for the purposes of divination. Inside these enclosures were cairns of stones, stakes, and soil. There are three of these cairns in the neighbourhood of Rotorua, where the gods (Atua) used to be consulted, through the priests, on subjects of importance to the tribe, such as warlike undertakings, &c. The

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people waited outside the enclosures, where the priests communicated to them the words of the oracle. If these predictions were not fulfilled, it was believed it was because the people themselves had transgressed in some way the sacred law of the war-tapu. (C. O. Davis, Native Interpreter, "Native Birds," *New Zealand Herald*, August 13, 1881.) The Arawa natives are supposed to have arrived in their war-canoe in New Zealand between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The Flute.—The Maori flute was often made out of part of the leg-bone of an enemy. The stealing of a bone from a burial ground for this purpose was frequently the cause of war.

The trumpet was usually made of a large shell. (Angas, "New Zealand." See also legend of Hinemoa, "Polynesian Myth.," Sir G. Grey.)

"SINA, AND TUNA, THE EEL-GOD."

In Samoan and Tahitian, Tuna is the name for a fresh-water eel; in Marquesan for a worm or caterpillar; in Mangarian for an eel.

Coco-nut.—In Upolu all the warriors were sprinkled with coco-nut water before going to battle. When a coco-nut tree is set aside for any special purpose, it is encircled with a band of coco-nut leaflets, so that the nuts may not be used for any other purpose. This custom arose from the coco-nut leaf being worn as a badge around the waists of the warriors devoted to the service of the daughter of the god of Polutu (Hades) who is said on one occasion to have led them into battle herself, with her neck covered with coco-nut leaves, so that the enemy might not know a woman was leading. She and her warriors were victorious in the contest, and she thus saved the islanders from an oppressive power which had till then obliged them to climb the coco-nut palm, head downwards, and to pluck the nuts with their toes. (Turner, "Samoa," 39; also 245, "Sina and the Eel.")

Under the ancient law of tapu in the Island of Mangaia, if a woman ate of an eel, the punishment was death.

(See account of death of Tuna by Maui—White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," ii. 84, and Wholer's Translation, "New Zealand Institute Papers.")

"THE TWINS."

In the Hervey Is., the Twins, Inseparable and her brother, were said to be the double-star μ *Scorpii*, and their parents the two bright

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stars υ and λ in the same constellation. (See "Song of the Twins' in Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific.")

The mother of the children, who was a great scold, was called sarcastically "Tara-koré-koré," or "Never-speak-at-all."

"TERETÉ, OR THE BOY IN THE MOON."

This legend belongs to a small island of the Samoan group called Vaitupu. (Turner's "Samoa," 284.)

The prayer quoted is addressed to a household god called "The Child of the Moon."

The household and village gods of Samoa had all some special incarnation. The war-god Tongo was supposed to be incarnate in the owl; if an owl were found dead, all the natives mourned it, bruising and cutting themselves with stones in order to give an offering of blood to Tongo, and bitterly bewailing the catastrophe. But the god's power was not lessened by the death of an owl; he was still incarnate in all other owls.

Inanimate objects, such as smooth stones, bowls, &c., were sometimes treasured in temples, or looked upon as gods. There was one stone which was considered the rain-god, and if there was too much rain, it was carefully dried at a fire; if too little rain, it was taken with great ceremony and dipped into a stream by the priests, the people accompanying him, and praying to their god. (Turner's "Samoa.")

Another island myth says a little boy called Tapirinoko cried for the sun. He was taken to the sun but found it too hot. So then he cried for the moon. His father took him to the moon and he stayed there.

"RATA'S REVENGE, A TALE OF THE FIRST GREENSTONE AXE."

The Moa.—See Sir W. Buller, 'New Zealand Birds" (Preface), and White, "Ancient History of the Maori."

The Lizard-god.—See notes "Rongo and the Lizard-god."—K. C.

The Greenstone.—The Greenstone is a jade (pounamu), much valued by the Maoris on account of its clear green colour and of its hardness. It takes a keen edge and a high polish; the tiki (or tikei), a grotesque figure worn round the neck, and other ornaments, are made out of it. The much prized mere, a small club used by the chiefs in hand-to-hand fights, and as an emblem of rank, is cut out of the large and most beautiful pieces of greenstone, and is often handed down as an

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heirloom for centuries. The late well-known war chief, Te-heu-heu, possessed one of the oldest and most beautiful meres. It was of a pale green colour, softly shaded in wavy lines. When visiting him at his village on Lake Taupo, he showed the club, with great pride, to our party, and told how it had been buried with his father and many of the tribe under a great landslip on the shores of the lake a few years previously, adding that, after much searching and trouble, the mere had been dug out because it was of such great value, and the body of his father had been found beside it. The bones of the buried chief were ultimately carefully scraped and placed in a secret cave.

Wood-spirits.—The Hakuturi, or wood-spirits, are in some traditions said to be the offspring of Tané, the god of light and of the forests. Thus, when Rata cut down the tree without offering the required sacrifice to Tané, the spirit made the scattered chips fly together, and the tree stood upright once more. (For invocation of wood-spirits, see "Wohler's Translation New Zealand Institute Papers," vii. 47; also White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," i. 61.)

Lizard or Snake, and Heron.—There is a similarity throughout Polynesia in the native words for snake and lizard. (See Moko-moko, Tregear, "M. Comp. Dic.") In a South Sea Island version of the tale of Rata, the fight is said to have been between a sea-snake (mo'otai) and a heron. No snakes exist in New Zealand, but the lizard is held in great awe and dread. (See notes to "The Lizard-god.")

Ponaturi.—A class of goblins and fairies who were said to live in the dark land beneath the waters by day, and to return to the shore at night only, the sunlight being fatal to them. (Sir G. Grey, "Polynesian Myth.")

Canoe.—In the Island of Mangaia the whole of the legend of Rata has not been preserved, but the following relic is found in a canoe-making song:

> "Slash away, O Una,
> With the wonderful axe from another land,
> Even that which enabled Rata to fell the forest."

In Raratonga the chant with which the wood-fairies, who are there said to have borne Rata's canoe to the sea, is still sung when the natives are hauling heavy timber:

> "A pathway for the canoe! A pathway for the canoe!
> A path of sweet-scented flowers!
> The family of the birds of Kupolu
> Honour thee, O Rata, above mortals."

Rata's canoe turned into stone is shown in the Island of Upolu. (Tregear, "M. Comp. Dic.")

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Tangi.—The Maori word tangi means a cry, a sound. A tangi is a lamentation for the dead, at which many of the principal persons assembled, and rubbed noses in salutation by the half-hour together till tears streamed down their faces, a melancholy wail being kept up the while. The female mourners also cut themselves deeply with obsidian knives whilst joining in the wail. A tangi was always an excuse for a big feast.

Human bones painted *red.* Red was the sacred colour amongst the Maoris. In Easter Island the large stone statues dedicated to the god Rongo had red crowns.

Prayers to a Dead Chief.—It was a belief of the Maoris that the dwellers in the Pos (Hades) could avenge injuries done to friends whilst on the earth. An ancient chant addressed to a dead chief is as follows

"Who will thy death avenge
In this our world?
Thou who wert derided here!
All ye will him avenge,
All ye in Hades."

The spirits of still-born children were said to exercise great power in the unseen world, which they used for good or evil in respect to living mortals. (C. O. Davis, Native Interpreter, *New Zealand Herald*, September 3, 1881.)

Many variants of this tale are found throughout Polynesia. (See also Sir G. Grey, "Polynesian Mythology"; White, "Ancient History of the Maoris"; Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific.")

"THE MATARIKI (THE LITTLE EYES), OR THE PLEIADES."

Throughout Polynesia the appearance of the Pleiades at sunset above the horizon marks the commencement of the new year. In Hawaiian songs Matariki (Makalii, the seven stars) is referred to as a god. Matariki, the Pleiades, a constellation, the sign of the first month. (Sir G. Grey, "Polynesian Mythology," 254.)

Stars, the Eyes of Great Chiefs.—The Maoris believe the seven stars of the Pleiades to be the left eyes of great chiefs, who after death were translated to the heavens. (Tregear, "Maori Comp. Dic.") When a great Maori chief dies, his left eye becomes a star which can be seen by his people. (Diffenbach, "Travels in New Zealand.")

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The Samoan name for the Pleiades is Lii, or Matalii, eyes of the chiefs. When the war chief Te-heu-heu was killed by the Taupo landslip, the natives said that Jupiter first appeared in the sky, being the left eye of their great chief. There is also an allusion in one of their chants, sung at the time, to the disturbance caused in the motions of the heavenly bodies by Te-heu-heu's death. (Sir G. Grey, *viva voce.*)

Planets.—Many of the planets are known and named in the Samoan Islands, and the natives can tell the hour of the night accurately by the stars. Mars is called Matamea, or the star with the sear-leafed face. Orion's belt is called Amonga, or the burden carried by a pole across the shoulders. Venus, when the morning star was named Tama-tanui, or the Eye of Tané.

The ancient Hawaiians knew and named five planets which they call the wandering stars—viz., Kaawela, and Mercury; Holoholopinau, Mars; Naholoho, Venus; Ikaika, Jupiter; and Makulu, Saturn. (Fornander, "History of the Polynesian Race.")

Meteors in the Samoan group are called Fetu-ati-afi, or stars going to fetch light.

In Hawaii the east is called "the great highway of Kané (Tané)," or "the bright road of Kané"; and the sun is called "the resting-place of Kané."

The version here given of the Matariki (the little eyes), or the Pleiades, is Mangaian. (See Tregear, "Maori Comp. Dic."; Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific.")

In the traditions of the Moriori (natives inhabiting New Zealand prior to the Maoris), Matariki was referred to as a heavenly person. (Fornander, "Polynesian Race," ii. 393.)

"RUA AND TOKA."

Tangaroa was one of the principal deities of Polynesia. He was also called the Lord of the Ocean. In New Zealand he is said to have been the son of Rangi and Papetua, and, because he took part in the separation of his parents, he was obliged to take refuge in the sea from his brother Tawhiri, the god of the winds. (See Sir G. Grey, "Polynesian Myth.")

In the S. Island, Tangaroa is said to have been seen in the misty spray of the sea when the sun shone on it.

In Samoa, Tangaroa (Tagaloa) was the son of Cloudless Heavens. He was worshipped at the time answering to our month of May. No

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one was allowed to journey from their homes during this season, or strangers to pass through the country. "No prayer to Tangaroa, no blessing," was a well-known saying amongst the Samoans. Thunder and lightning were his messengers. Loud thunder was the god's answer to accepted prayer.

In Mangaia, Tangaroa shared the divinity of trees and fish with Rongo, the god of agriculture. Fair-haired children were called "the fair progeny of Tangaroa." Europeans were supposed to be children of Tangaroa, and to have sprung from dazzling light.

In Hawaii, Tangaroa (Kanaloa) is the ruler of the world of darkness (Pos). In New Zealand the west was called "the much-travelled highway of Tangaroa, the pathway of death."

Parata and the Tides.—Parata, the sea monster, living in the depths of the ocean beyond the horizon, causes the tides by his powerful respiration. The term Parata is often used proverbially by the Maoris, and if any one meets with sudden trouble, they say, "He has fallen into the throat of Parata." In olden days, when Maoris were in trouble, they sent this verbal message to their friends, "Friends, listen; we have fallen into the throat of Parata." These words were enough to ensure prompt help.

One of the first canoes bringing the Maoris to New Zealand (probably about twelfth or thirteenth century) is said in old traditions to have been partly drawn into the monster Parata's mouth, and only rescued by a powerful charm used by the priests on board.

In the following lines, which commence one of the spells used against their enemies by the Maoris, reference is made to Parata:

"Dreadful and big beetling precipices deep down in ocean depths, listen, obey!
Be quick and lie scattered far off to the one side and the other!
Parata, hear; blow thy irresistible overflowing tides to the shore."

Parata was referred to in the incantations and prayers used in cannibal orgies, when the priests initiated the young men and boys (chiefs' sons) in the partaking of the flesh of enemies killed in battle:

"This youth present eats man's flesh:
This youth present swallows Parata."

In these lines the word parata signifies foes, or great dangers.

The bow of the canoe was also called Parata. Near this was the seat or stand of danger which was so much coveted by old warriors. An old Maori song says: "To stand firmly on the bow of the canoe is to be renowned." (W. Colenso, "Ancient Tide Lore.")

See myth Tangaroa, Tregear, "Comparative Dictionary."

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"MARAMA (THE MOON-GOD) AND THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

This legend is told in slightly varying forms in New Zealand and many of the Pacific Islands. (See also Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific"; White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," ii. 26; Tregear, "Comp. Dic. Marama.")

The worship of the moon is said to be far older than that of the sun, and in all countries has had very great influence on the superstitious customs of the people.

The Samoan moon-goddess, Ina, is also known in the Polynesian Islands as Sina, Hina, and Hiné, and the meaning of all these names is connected with the word light.

In New Zealand the woman carried off by the moon-god is sometimes called Rona, and the tree she takes up in her hand is the Ngaio (myoponium latum). Nga-puhi tribe.

Amongst the Maoris the moon was studied before beginning any important undertaking. The moon itself was supposed to represent a pa (fortified place), therefore, before commencing to attack a pa, the moon was particularly studied. If an eclipse happened to take place the night before the attack was begun, it prognosticated the fall of the pa. The relative positions of stars near to the moon also indicated the succcess or otherwise of an undertaking. (White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," v. 224.)

When the moon is full, the Maori-mother, wishing to make her child's tooth grow, sings:

"Growing kernel, grow.
Grow, that thou mayest arrive
To see the moon now full.
Come then, kernel,
Let the tooth of man
Be given to the rat,
And the rat's tooth
To the man."

Moon-spots.—Some of the Pacific Islanders say that the spots on the moon's face are Ina and her gathered heaps of leaves, her gourd and the tree which she carried up with her.

The Moon the Abode of the Dead.—The natives of the Tokelan Islands believe that the moon is the abode of departed kings and chiefs.

Phases of the Moon.—The Maoris say that the moon-god is seized

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by a fell disease soon after the middle of each month, to cure which it is necessary to bathe in the living waters of the lake of Tané, the god of light (Waiora-a-Tané). This lake, which is also called Roto-nui-a Aewa, is said to be situated in the fourth heaven, counting upwards from the earth. From this heaven human souls are sent to inhabit the form of new-born babes. (White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," i. 142 and app.)

The Tahitians have a favourite saying: "Fair as the moon; clear as the sun."

"NIWAREKA."

Grey Hairs of Tura.—Tura is said to have been the first Maori who had grey hairs, and who became feeble through long life. (Nga-i-tahu tribe.)

Moko, or Tattoo.—The most ancient pattern of tattooing in New Zealand was called Mokokuri; the face was covered with short parallel lines running in all directions. When the wife of Mataora fled to the Pos (Hades), he went after her, and was there tattooed by his father-in-law, Uetonga, who thus taught him the present fashion of tattooing, in which the face is covered with spirals. This Orpheus of New Zealand succeeded in bringing back his Eurydice to the upper world, and he then instructed the people in the moko, or tattoo, of Mataora.

When the portrait of a chief is seen for the first time by some distant tribe, the name of the tribe to which he belongs can be told by the particular pattern of the tattooing.

The instrument used for tattooing was of the shape of a chisel of bone, or some very hard wood; it was made to cut deep into the flesh by a smart tap applied to the top. Powdered charcoal was then let into the wounds. The whole process was very painful. Youths were tattooed as a sign of manhood when they were able to take part in war. Women were only tattooed on the lips and chin.

Preserved Heads.—The trophies of war were slaves and preserved heads. Sometimes the heads were restored to their surviving relatives when peace was made, but this was not always the case.

Well-preserved tattooed heads were an article of commerce in the early days, when trading vessels only visited New Zealand; the skippers often commissioned men to "pick up good 'eads" for them. Many of those specimens found their way to European museums. (Judge Manning, "Old New Zealand.")

Human Sacrifices.—The Heart.—See White, "Ancient History of

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the Maoris," i. 43. A man called Hauriki was jealous of a noble-looking man called Hotua. So Hauriki killed Hotua. This was the first murder amongst the Maoris. The friends of Hotua revenged his death by attacking and killing Hauriki and his friends. After the right incantations and prayers to the gods had been said, they presented the heart of Hauriki to the high priest, and not until he had eaten it could any of the warriors partake of food. They next killed the prisoners they had taken in the fight, carefully saved their blood, which they offered as a sacrifice to the gods, and then they cooked and ate the bodies. Thus began cannibalism amongst the Maoris. After the death of Hauriki, the heart of the first prisoner taken in war was always presented to, and eaten by, the chief or high priest.

See also Judge Manning, "Old New Zealand," 147: "Sacrifices were often made to the war-demon, and I know of an instance in which, when a tribe were surrounded by an overwhelming force of their enemies, and had nothing but extermination, immediate and unrelenting, before them, the war-chief cut out the heart of his own son as an offering for victory, and then he and his tribe, with the fury of despair and the courage of fanatics, rushed upon the foe, defeated them with terrific slaughter, and the war-demon had much praise."

After a cannibal feast, the *han* or sacred-food was left upon the ground as an offering to the god of war. The natives believed that the atua, or god, absorbed the mana—that is, the virtue or essence of the offerings, which were a cooked piece of the heart or liver of the first man killed in battle, a lock of his hair, and a cooked kumara. Sometimes, in a doubtful strife, the priest would hastily rip out the heart of the first man slain, and, muttering incantations, wave it on high to the god, to secure the success of the people.

Niwareka and the Sun-god Ra.—In a Maori tradition concerning Niwareka, great delight, it is said that when a party of warriors, who had heard of Niwareka's fame, went to see her, she told them that many of the tribe were away on the far plain, and that they had gone to chant songs and offer sacrifices to the great god Ra. When asked for what purpose, Niwareka replied, "To suppress ill-feeling amongst the people, and give quiet to the land."

"RONGO AND THE LIZARD-GOD."

This legend is supposed to be allegorical, and represents the first human sacrifice offered to Rongo on the island of Mangaia by a great

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chief called Rangi. It is well known that fish was never offered on the altar of that god. (Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific," 290.)

When a human being was sacrificed at Samoa, the cry used was, "Taumaa Rongo, toonika! Rongo slay thy fish!" In New Zealand, Ika means fish generally; the word also denotes a captive, a warrior a victim.

Ika was formerly used to denote several beings and things of first and greatest consequence and value. (W. Colenso, F.R.S., F.L.S., "Tide-lore.")

The N. Island of New Zealand was called Te Ika-a-Maui, or the fish brought up by Maui on his magic hook. The Milky Way is called *Ika*, or Ikaroa, long fish, or Mangoroa, long shark. In Hawaii it is called Ia, fish.

"*The Fish of Tu*,"—*i.e.*, human sacrifices, and the lizard-god. In an ancient lament, sung in chorus over the illustrious dead by the whole tribe (White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," iii. preface), this allusion to a lizard-god is given, and to the slain—*i.e.*, "the fish of Tu":

"Turn ye, and look upwards,
The peak on Rangitoto—see, all distant and alone.
And know the lizard-god, the unknown one
Has now for ever left his home, and westward gone
On ocean's foaming white-crest wave.
* * * * *
In your presence lie the corpses, the slain, the fish of Tu (god of war)."

Matarau is the lizard-god of the Samoans. (See Gill, "Myths and Songs of the Pacific.") The word mata means eye; mataia one keen to see fish, to look out for fish. The Samoans regarded the monuments of lizards in times of sickness and of war as good or bad omens. Moo is Samoan for lizard; mo'otai, sea-snake. The Hawaiian word Moo denotes lizard, reptile.

In the Fijiian group a god called Naengi was represented with the head-part of the body like a serpent, and the rest of rough stone. ("Fiji and Fijians," Thomas Williams.)

Fornander, in "History of the Polynesian Race," says: "The Hawaiian legends frequently refer to moo of an extraordinary size living in caverns, amphibious in their nature, and which were the terror of the people. As no very large lizards are found in the Polynesian groups, it is evident that the tradition of these monsters must have been handed down from times when the people lived in other habitats, where such large reptiles, possibly alligators, abounded. (See also C. O. Davis, Native Interpreter, "Maori Mementos.") A

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lizard-god of the Maoris is called Moko-moko. (See reference to moko or moo, reptile, lizard, serpent—Tregear, "M. Comp. Dic.") The Maoris are very superstitious concerning lizards. They believed in many lizard-gods, all of which were supposed to be the the cause of trouble and sickness to human beings by gnawing the vital parts.

"THE BLIND GODDESS, AND TAWHAKI'S CLIMB TO THE HEAVENS."

This legend is found in New Zealand, and in many of the Pacific islands. (See fragmentary variants, White, "Ancient History of the Maoris," i. 56 to 67, and 95 to 130; also Tregear, "M. Comp. Dic. Tawhaki.")

Heart of a victim given as an offering.—See notes tale "Niwareka."—K. C.

Ceremonies of Baptism.—"The priest dips a green bough into a calabash of water, sprinkles the child, at the same time reciting prayers. The prayers differ according to the sex of the child." (Diffenbach, "Travels in New Zealand," 28.)

Water was considered by the Maoris to be sacred to Tané.

In Gudgeon's "History and Traditions of the Maori People," page 122, it is said that, soon after the birth of a child, ceremonies were performed to take the tapu off the mother and the village, and to give the child strength, and that both mother and child were sprinkled with water from a kaimara branch which had been dipped in a brook. After this the real baptism of the child took place. No one was allowed to be present at this ceremony except the heads of the tribe and the parents, who went with the priest to a stream, all wearing as clothing the maro only (an apron made of leaves). The priest went into the water, and, taking the infant in his arms, he sprinkled it with water with a kumara branch, whilst repeating incantations and prayers. If the child were a boy, he was baptized to Tu, the god of war, and that god was besought to make him a strong and mighty warrior. If it were a girl, she was baptized to Hine-tei-wai-wa. the goddess of the necessaries of life. The incantations used at baptism varied slightly with the different tribes, but the ceremony was the same. At the baptism a portion of food was set apart for the atua, or gods, of which the Maoris believed the gods, being spirits, consumed only the essence.

A part of the branch which had been used for the sprinkling was afterwards carefully planted, and if it grew it was supposed to be a

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good sign, for there was believed to be a mystical connection between it and the life of the child. When such a branch became a tree it was called a Kawa, and if it flourished, it was then said the child, if a boy, would be a mighty warrior; or, if a girl, a capable wife. These ceremonies were long precedent to the introduction of Christianity.

Fish-hooks.—When it was known that fish-hooks had been made out of the stolen bones of man, his tribe often avenged the insult by making war upon the offenders. The human-bone hooks used by Tawhaki brought evil consequences to his wife. Hooks made out of an enemy's stolen leg-bone were supposed to be most lucky ones for catching fish. "How the old man buried there bites!" the fisher would exclaim when having a good haul through using them.

The tenth or highest heaven, to which Tawhaki is said to have climbed, is called the heaven of Rehua, the lord of kindness. (White, A.H.M.I. 40.) Amongst the traditions of the Ngai-tahu tribe is given this incantation as being sung by Tawhaki as he climbed the spider's thread:

"Tawhaki climbs to the first heaven.
Climbs up Tawhaki to the second heaven.
Tawhaki goes on to the tenth heaven,
And arrives at the pleasant heaven
Where man is nourished."

Also the following statement regarding the god Rehua:

"It was Rehua who dispersed sadness and gloom from the minds of the weak as well as the strong. He was the lord of kindness. His innumerable hosts reside in the heavens."

("Ma Rehua e takiri te mata pouri o te tangate mate, me te tangata ora. He ariki pai a Rehua toua mano tiui whaioio e noho mai ana i runga i te rangi.")

"O Heaven, the soul is far above—
Above in all creation's space,
In light supreme, in blaze of day."

("Mouri kei runga; te mouri e Rangi.
Mouri ke pu kei waho
Kei te whai ao, ke te ao marama.")

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